

ÉDITION DE LUXE

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FEBRUARY 1, 1890

THE GRAPHIC.

AN

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PRINCE FERDINAND OF BULGARIA ATTENDING SERVICE AT THE GREEK CHURCH, SOFIA—KISSING THE CRUCIFIX

Topics of the Week

GERMAN SOCIALISTS.—It would be a mistake to suppose that Prince Bismarck's Anti-Socialist Bill was rejected by the German Parliament because any considerable number of those who voted against it have much sympathy with Socialism. German National Liberals and Radicals have a closer resemblance to what used to be known in England as the Manchester School than to our present semi-Socialist Radicals. Their ideal is a State that would interfere as little as possible with the laws of contract, leaving employers and employed to make their own bargains and to take the consequences. If Socialism threatened to become a real danger, they would very quickly give the Imperial Chancellor as much power as he might need for its suppression. They do not believe that the movement ought to excite serious alarm, and in this they are probably right. It is true that in several successive Parliaments the Socialists have had a good many representatives, but these have come only from a few great centres of manufacturing industry and commerce. On the people of the rural districts Socialism has made no impression. The mass of the country electors are independent peasants, each tilling his own land; and to this class the new ideas seem to be absurd nonsense. Nor are the peasants likely to change their views on the subject. They cling to their possessions with intense fervour, and scoff at the notion that they would have anything to gain by a system which would bring the institution of private property to an end. The Social Democrats are well aware that this is the strongest obstacle with which they have to contend, and the Liberals are so sure that it is an obstacle which can never be overcome, that they hesitate to place at the disposal of the Government weapons which might be in some way turned against themselves. Prince Bismarck hopes that in the Parliament which is about to be chosen he may secure a majority, but the results of General Elections have often disappointed him, and he may be disappointed again. If the peasantry think that it is time to stop revolutionary agitation in the cities, he may be allowed to have his way; but there is nothing to indicate that the question has arrested their attention or awakened their fears.

LAND PURCHASE IN IRELAND.—Sir George Trevelyan, aided by his Socialist allies, Messrs. Stuart, Burns, and Davitt (though the first-named speaker was at Doncaster, and the others in London) has just been making a violent onslaught on the Ashbourne Act. It is difficult to understand exactly what these gentlemen want. They all profess an ardent desire to get rid of landlordism in Ireland, and, under the provisions of the Ashbourne Act, the landlord is gradually effacing himself in a business-like and moderate fashion. The truth is, perhaps, that the Act in question is working too successfully to please those persons who live by agitation, and who object to the creation of a large body of peasant-proprietors, whose instincts will be in the future on the side of law and order. At the same time it must be admitted that those who desire to see permanent benefits rather than temporary ameliorations conferred on Ireland cannot regard this Act with much complacency. The best excuse which can be made for it is that it is an inevitable sequel to the perpetual interference with the ordinary laws of supply and demand which has characterised Irish legislation during the last twenty years. A cynic might justly say that by means of this measure a professedly Unionist Government are banishing from Ireland the very people who are the most loyal supporters of the union with Great Britain. If a statesman like Prince Bismarck had had to deal with Ireland, it is most unlikely that he would have acted as our successive Governments have acted. He would have promptly removed causes of discontent, but he would also have relieved the excessive competition for land by extensive and systematic emigration. As regards the working of the Ashbourne Act, it has thus far been a success. It has evidently met "a felt want," and that the landowners have not made too good a bargain is shown by the fact that in several cases the buyers have resold their purchases at a handsome profit. Still, the objection remains that the Act is only a stop-gap, and a generation hence, supposing that no social convulsion has meanwhile upset the existing order of affairs, the new landlords will be regarded by the landless with quite as much envy and jealousy as their predecessors are at the present moment.

EGYPT THE SOLVENT.—When it is remembered that the inability of the Khédive to pay his way would entitle the Signatory Powers to interfere in the administration of Egypt, he and his subjects have solid cause for satisfaction at the prosperous state of their finances. A surplus of a couple of hundred thousand pounds looks rather too narrow a margin to English eyes, but in the case of Egypt it is almost heroic. Moreover, it has been obtained against very adverse circumstances, which inflated the expenditure side of the account by nearly 400,000*l.* Had the Nile and the Soudanese behaved kindly, the surplus would have run to more than half-a-million sterling, or quite as much in comparison as if Mr. Goschen found four or five millions in hand on March 31st. The main cause of this remarkable improvement seems to be

that the vast Daira and Domains estates, which used to yield so poorly, are improving every year under better management. Before long, they will not only pay the interest on the loans for whose service they are mortgaged, but may even hand over a handsome balance to the Cairo Treasury. The extensive system of State irrigation, on which large sums have been spent, should also prove more remunerative as an increased area of land is brought under cultivation. Not less satisfactory is it to learn that the fellaheen's economic condition is far better than it was, thanks in no small degree to the abolition of the forced labour system. In a word, Egypt has fairly turned the corner, and, even if France refuses to sanction the conversion of the Preference Debt, the Khédive can afford to smile at such a peculiar way of demonstrating Gallic love for the land of the Pyramids and "forty centuries." He must be a curiously constituted Egyptian who would like to see the Dual Control re-established. But for its fortunately breaking to pieces under the shock of Arabi's revolution, Egypt would still be floundering in debt, as she always was in the days of France's pet, Ismail the Magnificent.

ANGLO-AMERICAN EXTRADITION.—In his letter to the President, transmitting the new Anglo-American Extradition Treaty, Mr. Blaine set forth ample evidence that nothing had been conceded to Great Britain which had not already been granted to other nations. At first sight it seems odd that so elaborate a statement should have been considered necessary, for it is pretty obvious that it is quite as much the interest of the United States that American rogues should be brought to justice as it is the interest of England that a like fate should overtake English law-breakers. In their relations to this country, however, the Americans still display an extraordinary sensitiveness; and Mr. Blaine showed that he understood his countrymen thoroughly when he decided to allay any suspicion that might have been excited as to the reasonableness and impartiality of his conduct in this matter. The truth, of course, is that the new Convention simply settles matters which ought to have been settled long ago. The Ashburton Treaty of 1842 was wholly inadequate to the needs of the case; and there ought never to have been a question about the wisdom or justice of either country handing over to the other for trial persons accused of such crimes as burglary, perjury, and offences against women and children. Mr. Blaine has no difficulty in proving that many American offenders have escaped through the defects of the system of Extradition, and a tale not less striking from our point of view might readily be told by Lord Salisbury. It must not be supposed that all will now be plain sailing, for what are called political offences are expressly excluded from the scope of the Treaty. This was inevitable, and in one sense it is quite right. All citizens of free countries recognise that men who set at defiance laws which they believe to be unjust ought not to be classed in the same category with persons who violate principles which are universally acknowledged to have binding force. The difficulty comes in when we try to define "political offences." When a particular instance occurs, we shall find that on this point the two countries are very far from having arrived at a common understanding.

EIGHT HOURS A DAY FOR MINERS.—There is often a good deal of talk about the long hours of labour undergone by the more educated class of workers, but careful investigation will show that only a moderate percentage of these persons are hard at work for more than eight solid hours daily. Of course, there are exceptions. Successful barristers and doctors are often at work for much more than a third of the twenty-four hours of the day, but then they are very liberally paid for their exertions, and they have considerable intervals of leisure in the midst of their labours. Nor do we reckon those persons who, being their own masters, and being also energetic and industrious beyond the average, choose to work exceptionally long hours. We are rather here thinking of those who are employed by others, and we think it may be taken for granted that although their hours of employment may be nominally longer, eight hours *per diem* is about their maximum of genuine work. Then the labour they perform rarely requires much muscular exertion, and is usually executed under fairly satisfactory external surroundings. Compare their lot with that of the man who procures the coal which warms the air of their offices. He spends day after day in the bowels of the earth, in a temperature like that of Senegal, breathing air more or less charged with noxious gases. He is crouched in a constrained position which would give most of us a fit of the cramp, and thus, by the dim light of a safety-lamp, he "gets" the coal which warms us and cooks our food. We may add that his risks of death or injury are not less than those of a soldier in face of the enemy. Well, this man demands a working day of eight hours fixed by legislation. He says it cannot be secured by combination, because there are always some employers who will stand out, and some men who will work for them. At present we will say nothing either for or against this proposal; but it is evident that, if carried, it cannot be confined to one avocation; and it is also evident that it must be accompanied by a stringent system of Protection against foreign competition, unless we can persuade all the world to follow our lead.

COMING BYE-ELECTIONS.—The vacancies in the Partick Division and Mid-Glamorganshire do not excite so much interest in political circles as on previous occasions of the sort. Perhaps the reason for this lack of shouting may be that neither party knows quite what to make of the situation. In the Scotch constituency, the Gladstonites not only have a considerable Unionist majority to melt away, but there is a schism in their own ranks, owing to the dissatisfaction of the Socialists with the chosen candidate. He has the misfortune to belong to the capitalist class, and, although his opponent presents the same defect, the Socialists seem to consider it a more heinous sin in a Gladstonite than in a Liberal Unionist. What the voting strength of this malcontent element may be cannot be guessed, but, however small, it adds to the difficulties of a party with such an up-hill battle to fight. A desperate effort will be made, nevertheless, to win the seat for the Opposition, if for no other reason than to fulfil the threat of capturing every Scotch Liberal Unionist seat. Up to the present time the Gladstonites have succeeded in doing so at bye-elections across the Border, and a reverse at Partick would spoil their record. Then, too, the contest is the first in 1890, and it would give them much prestige at the beginning of the Session to have a fresh victory to boast of. In Mid-Glamorganshire, both sides are in great straits, the Unionists by reason of the difficulty of securing a strong local candidate, the Gladstonites through internal dissensions. Judging from the political complexion of the other divisions of the county, Home Rule should be in the ascendant. But if the miners, who form the bulk of the electorate, turn sulky because the chosen Gladstonite candidate does not suit their tastes, a large number of abstentions may be safely looked for. As the late Mr. Talbot sat unopposed for many years, there are no data for wirepullers' calculations to be built upon.

THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.—The Senate of the University of London has drawn up a scheme for the reconstruction of the institution it represents. This it has done in accordance with the recommendations of the Royal Commission which was lately appointed to investigate the subject. The scheme finds no favour among the provincial Colleges, and to those of the outside public who have given attention to the matter their objections will probably seem well founded. It is proposed, among other changes, that the existing University of London shall be to a large extent controlled by the professors of the two great Colleges of the capital—University College and King's College. The scheme also provides that if any student of these institutions has passed their preliminary tests he shall not be required to pass the University's preliminary examinations. Why should such privileges as these be granted to two Colleges which have no special advantage except that they are situated in London? If such privileges are good in London, they cannot be bad in Birmingham or Bristol. The Senate is trying to accomplish results which are in reality incompatible with one another. It is endeavouring so to transform the University that it shall retain its Imperial character and be at the same time a teaching University for one particular city. Either one or other of these aims must be abandoned, and there can be little doubt that the one to be given up should be the last. A teaching University, indeed, London ought to have; but it should be a wholly independent institution. The existing University discharges a function which is of the highest service to the Empire, and it ought to be maintained intact, with no closer relation to University College and King's College than to any other college with similar objects and methods. If this course were adopted, a local teaching University might be established without injury to any educational interest either in London or elsewhere.

ELECTRIC LIGHTING AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—Elderly frequenters of this great national institution must sometimes wish that they had been born a good many years later, so that they might participate more fully in the various improvements which have been effected. It seems now so long since the Reading-room was illuminated by electricity that it is difficult to believe how very short a time, comparatively speaking, has passed since all artificial light was strictly prohibited throughout the building. In those days the Museum was necessarily closed at 4 P.M. during the winter months; and therefore, when a yellow fog came on, the readers had either to quit the building, or gossip with friends if they could grope their way to their seats, or indulge in a temporary snooze at their desks. The librarians were still worse off; they had nothing to do, as the demand for their books had ceased; they could not read (if they ever do read); they were not allowed to smoke; and yet they were bound to remain at the post of duty till closing-time. It really seems now a pity that artificial lighting—of course under proper precautions—was not allowed from the first opening of the Museum as a public resort. The advantage to the general community would have been great enough to outweigh the calamity of a possible bonfire of all the treasures. Now that the Siemens electric system has been extended to the various galleries, it may be expected that the Museum will become a really popular resort for Londoners, and will no longer be regarded merely as a convenient receptacle for occupying the leisure hours of troublesome country cousins.

THE GORDON BOYS' HOME.—The English are a curious nation in their hero-worship. Just now, when all the papers are extolling the splendid achievements of Lord Napier of Magdala, and demanding the erection of a statue in Trafalgar Square, the anniversary of Gordon's death has passed by almost unobserved. That is, so far as public commemoration goes; we may still hope, however, that those who "keep his memory green" merely preferred another, and perhaps more suitable, way of doing it honour. The Gordon Boys' Home—the only national memorial to the hero of Khartoum—languishes for funds. It has secured premises suited to its purposes, all the machinery is in full working order, a large number of rescued boys have been sent out into life and are doing well, and a still larger number are now in course of training. All this is precisely what Gordon himself would have desired, and the institution therefore perpetuates his glorious memory both by its name and by the work it is doing. But it strikes a jarring note to gather from the report that the permanent income only covers about half the expenditure, the rest having to be obtained by begging. So far, that instrumentality has sufficed to balance the account. But the experience of our hospitals proves that the older charitable institutions are apt to suffer from the rivalry of the younger, and this is likely to be the fate of the Gordon Boys' Home in the course of a few years. And then, what a humiliation to the country will be this "national" and very much out-at-elbows memorial! It is curious that not one of our millionaires or semi-millionaires has thought of associating his name with that of Gordon by writing out a cheque for, say, 100,000*l.* to strengthen the endowment fund. The interest on that sum would go very far to make both ends meet; far enough, at all events, to bring the financial equilibrium within reach of moderate retrenchments.

WEALTHY LEGISLATORS.—It is provided in the Constitution of the United States that no qualification as to property shall be required in candidates for seats either in the House of Representatives or in the Senate. The object of this provision was to secure that the country should be free to choose the best men; and for a long time it did, in fact, select deputies without much reference to the question whether they were rich or poor. In this respect a remarkable change has taken place, so far at least as the Senate is concerned. To a large extent that body is now composed of very wealthy members, and it seems to be recognised in America that the tendency to appoint such persons is steadily gaining force. How is this? The question has been raised by the election of a Senator for Ohio, who, according to the *New York Nation*, has no "generally recognised equipment except great wealth." The *Nation*, discussing the subject in its more general aspects, suggests that the American people have not really lost the desire to be represented by men of high intellectual and moral qualities, but that the possession of a vast fortune is taken as a sort of rough indication of character and capacity. Perhaps there is something to be said for this view, but it is more probable that the explanation is to be found in the deeply materialistic impulse which is so characteristic of the present age. The thirst for outward advantages was never more intense than it is now, and men naturally select as their representatives candidates who belong to the class with which they themselves aspire to be ranked. The tendency—in kind, if not in degree—is the same in Europe as in America, and from precisely similar causes. What is needed for the transformation of the Legislatures, both of the Old World and the New, is that the electors shall change their ideals. When they cease to admire wealth for its own sake, they will ask fewer commercial "kings" to do them the honour of ruling them.

UP THE JUNGFAU BY RAIL.—Everybody who has been to Interlaken has gazed with delight on the "Young Maiden" Mountain—one of the most picturesque among the Swiss giants; and has also seen, or fancied he has seen, through his binocular glasses, the chamois which still haunt the snowy precipices of that lovely height. And now Herr Trautweiler unkindly proposes to take away all the poetry—and all the chamois as well—from the Jungfrau by running a railway right up to the top! The enterprise is decidedly of an ambitious character, for the "Young Maiden" is a lady of imposing stature, being no less than 13,671 feet high. But the locomotive has scaled so many mountains of late years, that, if the scheme seems likely to promise financial success, the engineering difficulties will not be found insurmountable. It may console Mr. Ruskin, and other lovers of Nature unimproved by Science or Art, to learn that Herr Trautweiler's railway is intended to burrow almost entirely under ground. We may take it, therefore, that the face of the beautiful Jungfrau will not be scarred or disfigured. Nevertheless, she will become a sort of fraud. Although apparently sitting in silent snowy majesty, we shall know that in her capacious bosom there are ensconced locomotives, engine-drivers, guards, electric lamps, and a lot of more or less vulgar excursionists.

THE SARDINE UNION.—The British public ought to raise a statue, or at least present an emblazoned address, to the sprat. That small and not too highly considered fish has baffled a diabolical plot against British rights. It appears that a secret conspiracy of capitalists has been in course of

formation with the object of securing a monopoly of sardines. These wicked people proposed to buy up all the fisheries and all the tinning establishments, and, having done so, to raise the price, as the Paris copper ring did for a time. But an unobtrusive little paragraph in the papers now announces that "the project has been abandoned, owing to the opposition it aroused." Yes—the opposition of the sprat and also of the young pilchard: they were prepared to do duty as sardines for the good of their country. Some say, indeed, that they have been in the habit of figuring in that honourable rôle for some years. It must be admitted that a good many restaurant sardines bear a distinct family resemblance to sprats, and that the specially fine and large variety might be mistaken for a juvenile pilchard. An expert in the trade once remarked, it is said, that the description of fish put into the tins mattered little or nothing so long as it was reasonably small. The matter he laid stress on was the purity and tastelessness of the oil, and the freshness of the bay-leaves placed between the fish. There may be something in that, perhaps; but sardine-lovers will rejoice, all the same, to learn that the proposed "ring" has collapsed. Otherwise, those who could not afford to pay the enhanced price would have had to put up with sprats, with the full knowledge that they were sprats, and nothing else. And, in that case, they would have been sure to disparage the poor little fish which they now often eat with relish as a "genuine sardine," imported direct from the sunny Mediterranean.

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PRINCE FERDINAND OF BULGARIA AT CHURCH

"If you were not yourself who would you rather be?" is a question which is often put to the male creature in young ladies' confession-books. Many answers have been made, and will be made, to this very difficult query, but no one, we should imagine has answered, or is likely to answer, "Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria." The Sovereign of Bulgaria is perhaps the least enviable ruler in Europe, with the possible exception of his jealous neighbour the Czar. He has to steer a very difficult course between his Russianised subjects and the Independents who want "Bulgaria for the Bulgarians." And, in addition to this, he is faced by a religious difficulty. The majority of the Bulgarians belong to the Orthodox Church, but there is a considerable and powerful body of Catholics, who are pleased to think that the Prince does not pay sufficient attention to their claims. Yet, so we are informed by the correspondent of the *Daily Graphic*, who recently interviewed His Highness, he is scrupulous in his attention to all religious denominations. The other day he attended a solemn Mass for the repose of the soul of the late Empress of Brazil in the Catholic Cathedral of Sophia, on which occasion our sketch was taken. He was accompanied by his mother, the Princess Clémentine, and they were both blessed by the Priests, and duly kissed the sacred relics.

A SUBSCRIPTION DANCE AT THE PEOPLE'S PALACE

NOT all the entertainments at the People's Palace are of the severe order which some people imagine. The trustees are almost as anxious as the great Mr. Barnum himself to blend instruction with amusement. Consequently there are occasional subscription dances, one of which forms the subject of our illustrations. The guests do not drive up in cabs and carriages, or go in for evening dress and décolletées toilettes. No; they bring their shoes in their hands, and put them on when they arrive. But, in other respects, they conduct themselves very much as their brethren and sisters of the West. They dance the same dances; some of them, we doubt not, find snug corners, and "sit out the squares;" and all, practically without exception, make for the supper-table (strictly temperance though it be) with as much avidity and as little manners as their "betters." The East is even like the West in a further respect: there is apt to be a scarcity of dancing-men. But the Eastern lasses, who find themselves partner-less, are not content to enact the rôle of "wallflowers," but make the best of their time by dancing with one another.

THE LADY AND HER SKIRT

In a very awkward plight is the lady represented in our picture. Her horse has thrown her off, and in so doing has deprived her of the only garment which clearly differentiates her from the male followers of the chase, and exposed her to the ridicule—or the commiseration, scarcely less annoying in such a case than ridicule—of the whole field. Probably she does not feel at all in a good humour, or in the very least degree grateful to the inventor of the patent safety hunting-skirt which has thus left her in the lurch. But grateful she ought to be, nevertheless. For who knows? If the skirt had not given way as it did she might have been dragged at the heels of her steed like Hector behind the chariot of Achilles, and be now a mangled and unlovely corpse. Instead of which she has escaped at the cost of nothing more serious than being for a few moments the wearer of a somewhat emphatic Bloomer costume.—Our engraving is from a drawing by Mr. G. E. Kennard.

"MADAME LEROUX"

A NEW serial story, by Frances Eleanor Trollope, illustrated by Percy Macquoid, is continued on page 128.

MR. H. M. STANLEY

ONE of our illustrations is a portrait for which Mr. Stanley sat to our artist, Mr. Reginald Barratt, after his arrival at Cairo. The *Times* correspondent gives the following life-like personal description of the great explorer:—"Stanley stood on the quarter deck" (this was as the *Kraploria* reached Suez) "dressed in grey tweed, his figure very much slimmer than three years ago, his close-cut and almost perfectly white hair showing off his bronzed face, with its hard-set lips and cold grey eyes. He seemed the embodiment of physical endurance and mental self-control. I noticed a singular part resemblance to two men as different to himself as to each other—General Gordon and Captain Burton. He has the eyes of Gordon, and the lips of Burton. There are times when Stanley's



The Entrance—Dancers carrying their Shoes

Putting on their Pumps

Toilet arrangements in the corridor

A Set of Quadrilles

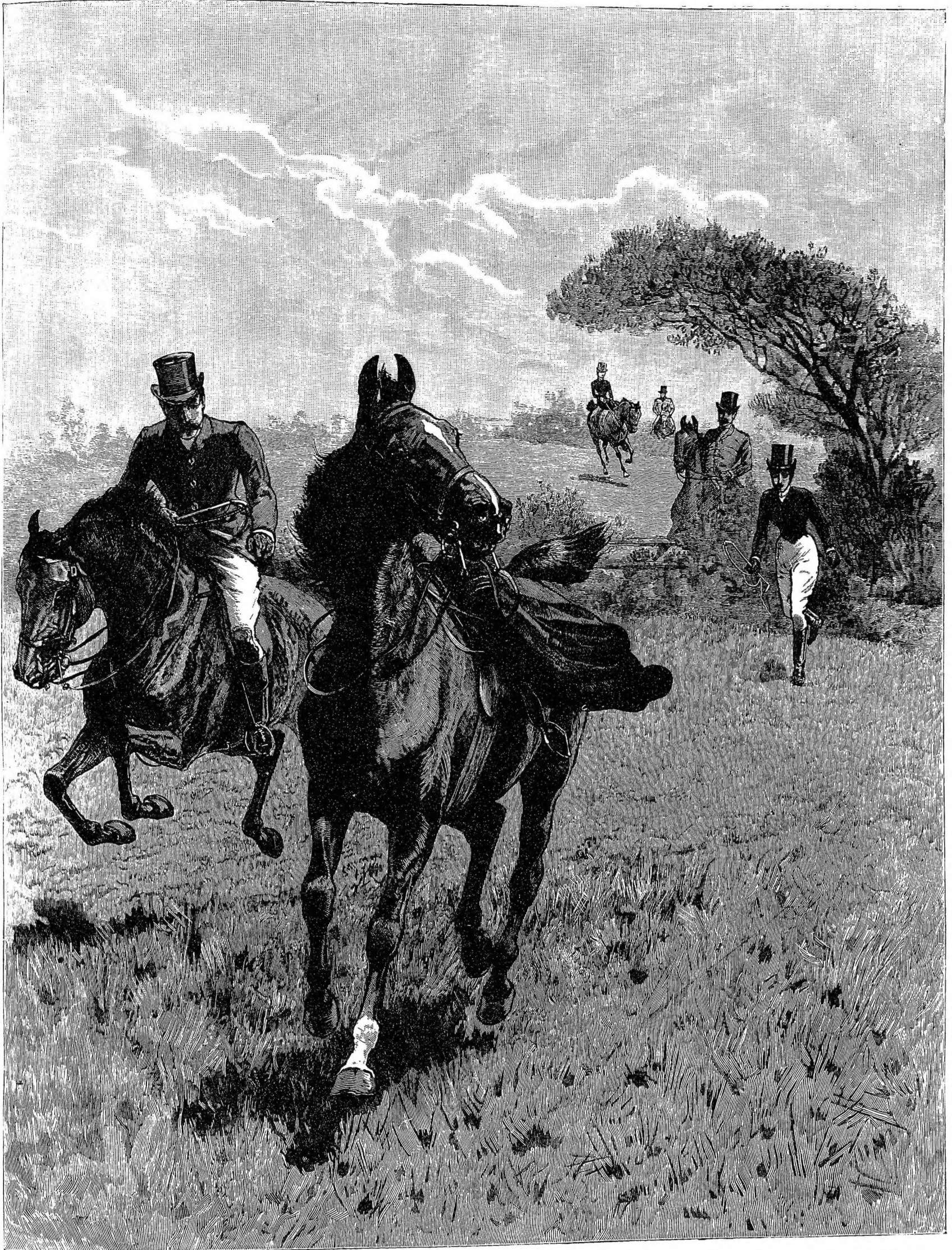
Lookers on—A Sketch in the Gallery

Lady Students who only danced occasionally

Thorough Enjoyment

The Refreshment Buffet

The Last Dance



"PARTED." OR, THE LADY AND HER SKIRT—A SLIGHT MISHAP IN THE HUNTING FIELD

eyes nave that far-away light which was the most striking characteristic of Gordon's personal appearance, and there are times when Stanley's lips make you feel that you would rather not quarrel with him."

Next day a special train brought Mr. Stanley and his party to Cairo. On the platform were Sir Evelyn and Lady Baring, Sir Francis and Lady Grenfell, and a very large gathering of many nationalities. Of all the gatherings of recent years at the Cairo Railway Station, perhaps the most striking was the arrival of the man who, three years ago, set off on his 5,000-mile tramp across Africa, and who, returning to meet an ovation, seemed to be mainly interested in the safety of his baggage. A carriage was waiting to convey him at once to the Khédive, and, during the half-hour's interview which followed, Mr. Stanley appears to have succeeded in persuading his Highness that Emin Pasha, the former Governor of the Equatorial Provinces, would make an excellent civil administrator at Suakim.

Another of Mr. Barratt's drawings represents Emin Pasha's people, a motley crew of men, women, and children, olive-coloured, brown, and black. They numbered in all two hundred and seventy, and were temporarily housed in the Abbasiyeh Barracks, Cairo. The room they occupied was a plain whitewashed apartment, and they were seated (when sketched) on grass mats, with pots of beans before them. They are curiously clothed in costumes given them at Zanzibar. When they have had their pensions and arrears of pay given to them, some will be taken into the Egyptian Army, while occupations will be found for others.

Our other illustration, which is from a photograph taken by Mr. Alec Charlesworth, Zanzibar, the agent for Messrs. T. D. Charlesworth and Co., 107, Fenchurch Street, is kindly forwarded to us by Colonel Euan Smith, British Consul-General at Zanzibar. The engraving in question represents Mr. Stanley and his porters at the Agency, Zanzibar. In the front row, sitting down, are the headmen.

TESTING THE FORTH BRIDGE

As a preliminary to the passage of the first train over the structure on January 24th, the Forth Bridge was tested on January 21st by Mr. John Fowler, Mr. Benjamin Baker, Mr. Arrol, and Mr. Stuart of London, the last of whom was chiefly responsible for the mathematical calculations in connection with the structure. At 10.30 A.M. two trains, each consisting of three engines and fifty wagons laden with coal, began to steam slowly across the bridge from the South Queensferry end. The trains moved along abreast of each other at almost a walking pace, and stopped every now and then to enable the engineers to examine the levels and look out for deflections. The official report was most satisfactory, as the deflections observed were in exact accordance with previous calculations, and the bridge had been burdened with a load of 1,800 tons, more than double what it will have to bear in future. On January 24th the first train crossed the Forth Bridge from end to end. It consisted of an engine and tender, a saloon carriage, and a brake-van. On board of it were Lord Colville of Culross, the Marquis and Marchioness of Tweeddale, Lord Dalrymple, Mr. Thompson, and other railway magnates. During part of the journey Lady Tweeddale took charge of the engine, and brought the train over the bridge at a steady pace of ten miles an hour. The incident was witnessed by thousands of persons. All being well, the Forth Bridge will be officially opened by the Prince of Wales on March 4th.

THE RECENT GALES

WEATHER-OBSERVERS have noticed that during this winter—and, indeed, for some time previous, until about a fortnight ago—there has been a remarkable absence of strong wind. Since then Dame Nature has made up the average (which she is so fond of preserving) in the most uncompromising fashion. Within a few days as much violent wind blew as is usually spread over a period of three months. This cyclonic condition began on Friday, 17th ult., when the wind, although blowing from the south, felt remarkably raw and cold; next day there was a strong gale; and in the subsequent week there was a series of gales, reaching a climax on the night of Sunday, January 26th. Great damage was done inland by the uprooting of trees and the unroofing of houses; the sea-walls of many of our coast-towns were seriously damaged, and the dwellings invaded by salt-water, the mischief caused by the strong wind being aggravated by the high tides which were then due, and which were heaped up higher than usual by the force of the air-currents; while our shores were strewn with many minor wrecks. But the fury of this almost continuous storm was felt still more severely out in the Atlantic, and the incidents narrated by the passengers and sailors of such vessels as the Cunard steamers *Gallia* and *Catalonia* prove that for many years previously the wind has not blown with such hurricane fury, even in the proverbially "Roaring Forties" of the Atlantic Ocean.

Our engraving represents the steamer *Sardinian*, from Portland, Maine, which arrived at Liverpool on January 24th, after a very stormy passage. On January 17th, in a violent gale, she shipped a heavy sea, which made a hole in the funnel, and, water getting down, put out the fires, and caused the steam to scald the fourth engineer and five firemen very severely. The engineer and two firemen died. On January 18th it blew a hurricane, with mountainous seas, and four lifeboats were carried away; but no other damage was done to the ship.

MR. ERNEST A. WATERLOW, A.R.A.

AND

THE CHIN-LUSHAI EXPEDITION

See page 140.

THE GO-BANG MINE

WOMEN, as a rule, are more prudent and have less of the gambling propensity than men. This dislike to risking the loss of money is partly, no doubt, due to the fact that women feel less confidence than men in being able to recoup that with which they have parted. Nevertheless, gambling women abound; the feminine Bourse speculator is a familiar figure on the Continent and in America; nor is she altogether unknown in this strait-laced country of ours. The two ladies, however, depicted in this series of pictures do not belong to the Becky Sharp genus. They are good, honest, innocent creatures, suddenly allured by the honeyed prospectus of the Go-Bang Mine into expectations of "the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice." In fact, they are probably a good deal more innocent than the general run of people who risk their money in such "insecurities." Most of such folks don't care a dump whether the mine is bogus or not. Their aim is to sell when a good profit is obtainable on the price they paid; and they take care to "unload" as soon as they think the scrip has touched the highest point.

THE NEW PRUSSIAN CROWNS

ALTHOUGH it has been the custom in Germany for generations that the Sceptre, Sword, and Shield, should be inherited, up to the present time the kingdom has lacked a Crown of a definite and lasting design. It is in consequence of this that the present Emperor, William II., has given orders for a new Crown to be prepared for himself and a diadem for the Empress.

The design has been prepared by Emil Doepler, jun., the painter, and the work is being executed by Humbert and Son, the Court

jewellers. It was originally intended that the new Crown should be the same in design as the first Prussian Crown, but it has been found necessary, owing to the shape and largeness of the stones, to make some slight alterations in the details of the setting. A clever twisted gold-leaf work serves as a mounting for the large diamonds with which the whole of the broad frontal of the Crown is bordered. From this rise eight diamond hoops, each set with four diamonds in the shape of a rosette, which is again surmounted by a brilliant diamond cross.

The design selected for the diadem of the Empress has been prepared by the Engineer Schneider. But while, perhaps, of not quite so regal an aspect as the Emperor's Crown, it is nevertheless a magnificent specimen of jewellery, the diadem being one fiery and sparkling mass of brilliants. A large wreath set with diamonds, from which are suspended some magnificent pearls, forms an effective set-off to the base of the diadem.—Our engravings are from photographs by Erche and Liersch, Krausenstrasse 10, Berlin.

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR IN A JUNGLE CART

A FEW weeks ago we published some illustrations of Wild Elephant Catching in Mysore during the visit of Prince Albert Victor to the Maharajah of that Province. These illustrations were from photographs taken by Mr. C. G. Brown, of Bangalore, who deserves high credit for the pluck and address which he showed in getting a herd of wild elephants within practicable range of his camera. The engraving now published belongs to the same series, and represents the Prince seated by the side of Mr. Sanderson in a primitive jungle carriage, drawn by a pair of oxen. This sort of carriage is called a "Woddur;" it is used by the ryots in their husbandry work, and is very simply constructed. The wheels are of solid sections of wood, and the axle is also of wood, so that any clever forester, by the aid of his axe, can put together a vehicle which is much better suited for jungle purposes than the most elaborate structure composed by the coach-builder of civilised life.

We may add that Mr. Sanderson comes of an old Mysore family. He was originally in the Irrigation Department, but he showed such taste for sport that he was made Superintendent of the Keddah Department (we have already described a Keddah, which is a cunningly-devised series of enclosures, made with palisades and ditches, for the purpose of entrapping wild elephants). Mr. Sanderson has been most successful in these operations. During eleven years in the Garo Hills, Bengal, he captured no less than three thousand wild elephants, and on one single occasion bagged no less than one hundred and thirty-six. The recent elephant campaign in Mysore was entirely carried out under his superintendence.

THE PLAGUE OF RATS

THE rat-plague, especially in East Anglia, has assumed serious proportions, and farmers have been compelled to thresh out their wheat and sell it, because of the multitude of rats in the stacks. On a farm of 250 acres 1,800 rats have been killed since the harvest, and on a farm of 180 acres 1,000. The mischief is attributed to two causes; first, the half-cultivated holdings, which are not permanently farmed, and which consequently serve as a harbourage for myriads of rats and mice; and secondly, the gamekeepers' obstinate and ignorant habit of destroying everything that they call vermin—stoats, weasels, and especially cats. Cats in the country often take to a wild life, and though they make havoc among the poultry and game, they also keep down the rodent tribe. It is dangerous to meddle with the balance of Nature. It is worth noting that a similar plague of rats prevails in the Laccadive Islands, and the Madras Government are advised to adopt the plaster of Paris remedy. Powdered plaster is sprinkled on boiled rice. The rats which eat this become thirsty, and when they drink the plaster hardens and kills them. Miss Caroline H. M. Johnstone, of Monigaff Manse, Newton Stewart, N.B., to whom we are indebted for our sketches, says:—"Rats will eat anything, from shortbread to slippers, but so cunning are they that unless aniseed is sprinkled on the trap after setting they smell the human hand, and keep aloof. The barrel remedy is worth trying. Fill a barrel with chaff, leaving at the top some choice morsel to tempt the rats' appetite, and an inviting stick leaning against the side. Do this for three nights, and then on the fourth night fill the barrel, two-thirds with water and one-third with chaff. The rats, thrown off their guard by previous immunity, will mount the ladder gaily, and meet their fate in the treacherous ocean below."



LORD SALISBURY is almost well, and takes exercise in Hatfield Park. His medical advisers, however, are against his visiting London just at present, and he transacts official business at Hatfield with the aid of his private secretaries.—If Lord Hartington continues to improve he will proceed to Cairo, and probably not return to England until after the Easter parliamentary vacation.—Mr. Ritchie is still at Eastbourne, where he is progressing very satisfactorily.

POLITICAL.—The usual circulars requesting attendance at the opening of Parliament on Tuesday week, the 11th of February, have been issued by the Prime Minister, the First Lord of the Treasury, Mr. Gladstone, and Lord Hartington.—At a mass meeting held in St. James's Hall on Tuesday "to protest against the buying-out of Irish landlords at the expense of the British ratepayers," the colours of the occasion were the Socialistic red entwined with the Irish green, and the oratory of Professor Stuart, M.P., was supported by that of Mr. John Burns and Mr. Michael Davitt. None of the speakers adverted to the fact that the system which they were denouncing was embodied in Mr. Gladstone's Bill of 1886.—Sir George Trevelyan, addressing a Gladstonian meeting at Doncaster on Tuesday, added a new item to his programme—the payment to members of the House of Commons of a stipend not exceeding 300*l.* a year.—The contest between Mr. Parker Smith (U) and Sir Charles Tennant (G) in the Partick Division of Lanarkshire is being prosecuted vigorously. The latter has given in his adhesion to Home Rule for Scotland, and a separate Scotch Executive responsible to a Scotch Parliament sitting in Edinburgh. At the General Election of 1886 the late member, Mr. Craig Sellar (L U) defeated the Gladstonian candidate by a majority of 801.—At the General Election of 1885 Professor Hopkinson, of Owens College, Manchester, in the Eastern Division of that city, and in the then united Liberal interest, opposed the present Irish Secretary, and was defeated. He became, however, a Liberal Unionist; and, as he has now accepted an invitation from both sections of the election the sitting member, Mr. Jacob Bright (G), his former opponent, Mr. Balfour, has written a letter most cordially wishing him success.

THE LORD MAYOR presided at a meeting held at the Mansion House on Wednesday to confer on questions connected with the welfare of the African races. Among the resolutions adopted was the one moved by Lord Granville thanking the King of the Belgians for having convened the International Congress now sitting at

Brussels. In seconding it, the Duke of Fife said that the British South African Company, of which he was President, were determined to adhere to the letter and spirit of those portions of their charter which were directed against the slave trade and the supply of alcoholic liquors to the natives. Another resolution condemned both the traffic in those liquors and the indiscriminate supply of European arms to the natives.

A MANSION HOUSE COMMITTEE has been formed, with the Lord Mayor at its head, to promote the erection of a suitable memorial to the late Lord Napier of Magdala.

AT THE MEETING OF THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL on Tuesday, the desirability of erecting or acquiring a new Council Chamber and offices was affirmed by a majority of 42 to 34, an amendment deferring to the 1st of July a consideration of the question having been previously rejected by 47 to 39.

THE STRIKE AT HAY'S WHARF continues. Pickets are stationed to warn off new men willing to work at it. Mr. Tom Mann has been actively engaged in preventing the carriage of goods from or to the wharf.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A meeting in Chelsea on Tuesday to promote the establishment of a Polytechnic Institute for South-West London was presided over by Lord Cadogan, who promised it a freehold in that suburb, valued at 10,000*l.* It was stated that 18,000*l.* have still to be subscribed to make up the 50,000*l.* to which, when raised, the Charity Commissioners will add another 50,000*l.*—A large and distinguished company assembled on Tuesday evening, by invitation from the Trustees of the British Museum, to witness the successful installation of the electric light in the various galleries of that great national institution. On foggy days the galleries will be illuminated all day. The arrangements for opening them to the public at night have not yet been decided upon.—A memorial to Elizabeth Barrett Browning in the shape of a tower clock in the principal street is about to be erected at Ledbury, at Hope End, near which she resided from childhood to womanhood, and wrote many of her poems.—The value of the personal estate of the late Dr. Charles Mackay has been sworn at 2,629*l.*

WE regret to announce the death of Sir William Gull, which occurred on Wednesday, January 29th. Sir William, who was in his seventy-fourth year, was one of the greatest of English consulting physicians, and was created a Baronet, in 1872, in recognition of the services rendered by him during the severe illness of the Prince of Wales at the close of the previous year. Sir William was President of the Clinical Society, a Fellow of the Royal Society, and the author of many works and essays on medical subjects.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in her seventy-ninth year, of Lady Northbourne, a well-known Tyneside benefactress, and mother of the Hon. W. H. James, M.P. for Gateshead; in her eightieth year, of the Dowager Lady Massey; of Mrs. Emily Pfeiffer, the well-known poetess and tale-writer; in his fifty-eighth year, of Admiral Edward H. Howard, who served in the Baltic during the Russian war; in or about his sixty-fifth year, of Mr. F. W. Grafton, head of the Lancashire firm of Grafton and Co., calico-printers, who, as the colleague of Lord Hartington, represented North-East Lancashire from 1880 to 1885, when he became M.P. for its Accrington division, and, joining the Liberal Unionist party, did not offer himself for re-election in 1886; in his eighty-sixth year of Mr. Thomas Lloyd, a director of Lloyd's Bank, and highly respected in the Midlands, a friend of the late Mr. Bright, whom he frequently aided in his political contests at Birmingham, and like whom he became a Liberal Unionist after Mr. Gladstone's conversion to Parnellism; in his sixty-sixth year, of Mr. George Francis, one of the Masters of the Supreme Court of Judicature, and a Bencher of Gray's Inn, previously Recorder of Faversham and Canterbury successively; in his sixty-seventh year, of Mr. Denis Godley, from 1881 to 1888 Secretary to the Irish Land Commission; of Dr. George Burnett, Lyon King of Arms for Scotland, author of a work on "Pedigree Making," of which it contained some amusing exposures, and editor of twelve volumes of the "Exchequer Rolls of Scotland;" of Mr. Wilmot B. Mainprize, Paymaster-in-Chief, R.N.; in his seventy-eighth year, of Mr. Henry Blackly, Chairman of the Liverpool Quarter Sessions; in his fiftieth year, of the Hon. W. F. Walker, late Commissioner of Customs, Melbourne, and President of the Australian Courts, Paris Exhibition; in his eighty-sixth year, of Mr. Alexander Shaw, sole surviving Member of the original staff of the Middlesex Hospital Medical School, and editor of the later editions of the well-known work on "The Hand" of his brother-in-law, the late Sir Charles Bell; in his eighty-fourth year, suddenly, of Mr. William Burness, in early life an agent for the estates of the late Duke of Manchester, afterwards a writer on agricultural mechanics, all the mechanical articles in Morton's "Encyclopædia of Agriculture" being from his pen; in his seventy-first year, of Mr. Edward M. Needham, who had been for thirty-six years Chief Superintendent to the Midland Railway Company; and of the Rev. Henry Stuart Fagan, Rector of Great Cressingham, Watton, Norfolk, who died on January 24th, after a short illness, in his sixty-fourth year. Mr. Fagan, who was educated at Pembroke College, Oxford, was a man of extensive reading and considerable mental power. For the last fifteen years he had been a regular contributor to this journal, the reviewing of books being his especial department. Though English by birth, he was of Irish parentage, and lately he became an ardent advocate of Home Rule. He possessed great kindness of heart, coupled with a strong sense of justice; and, though in political controversy he sometimes expressed his views warmly, we do not think that he had any personal enemies.

CALCUTTA has only recently organised a Society of Art, although Bombay and other chief towns have long possessed such associations. The Society is now holding its first Exhibition, and the Viceroy, when inaugurating the display, noted how well native artists were represented. The Bombay Art Society will hold a special Industrial Art Exhibition during Prince Albert Victor's visit in March, and a very fine collection of Oriental industries is being gathered together.

TWO NEW THEATRES are being planned in Paris. Thus the Eden will be turned into a house devoted to comic opera, while a theatre on the plan of the Wagner building at Bayreuth will be constructed on one of the Boulevards. In the latter house the star system is to be avoided, every actor and actress being given a good part in turn, so that no one may object to filling the most insignificant character for the time. Every piece, whether successful or not, will be played for a fortnight, in order to ensure fairness to each author as well as plenty of opportunities for young dramatic writers.

ST. CLEMENT DANES.—A generous response was given to the Christmas appeal made by the Rector, the Rev. J. J. H. S. Pennington. Sufficient funds were subscribed to provide a hearty meal and gift of clothing to a thousand poor families, and on Friday, January 25th, the remainder was expended in a dinner and entertainment to 750 children of the poorest class. A capital dinner of roast beef and plum-pudding was provided, the carving being done by the gentlemen and the waiting by the ladies of the parish. For the children's entertainment a conjuror had been engaged, whose tricks were greatly appreciated. Mr. Justice Grantham was present, and made a brief speech, the Rector also addressed them, and at the close of the proceedings the guests were sent on their way rejoicing with cake, sweets, oranges, a useful article of clothing, and a bright new penny a-piece.



DR. BARNARDO has appealed in person against the issue, directed by the Divisional Court, of a writ of *habeas corpus* ordering him to produce the boy Gossage, who, while under his care, was taken to Canada, apparently to prevent his entry into a Roman Catholic institution. The facts were reported in this column at the time. (One of Dr. Barnardo's pleas was the impossibility he was under of finding the boy. The Court of Appeal dismissed his appeal, the Master of the Rolls doubting the impossibility of finding the boy asserted by Dr. Barnardo. The appellant, he said, was bound to use every possible effort to obey the writ, he must write letters, advertise, and, if need be, go to America to look for the boy. On Dr. Barnardo intimating that he intended to appeal to the House of Lords, one of the counsel engaged on the other side mentioned a belief entertained that the House of Lords were about to decide (*in re Bell Cox*) that there could be no appeal on a question of *habeas corpus*.)

HOW A SPORTING TRIP to Eastern Africa has been disastrously cut short by the bursting of a rifle was told in the trial, before Mr. Justice Stephen this week, of an action brought by a Mr. Frank Carew against Messrs. Rowland Ward and Co., the well-known naturalists of Piccadilly. According to the plaintiff's statement, when ordering tents and other things for his expedition from the defendants he mentioned that he was going to Holland's for rifles, on which Mr. Ward said that he could supply the same articles as Holland's at half the price. Rifles were accordingly supplied him by the defendants. On arriving at Zanzibar he engaged fifty men and a dhow, and eventually found himself, in pursuit of game, in the Wamoni country. A native carried his rifle, and loaded it with cartridges supplied by the defendants. He fired at an antelope, and remembered nothing more. The rifle had burst, and he fell to the ground senseless, his head and face being severely cut. The fragments of the rifle were picked up by the attendant and brought to England. The trip had cost him 1,000*l*. It was contended by the defendants that there was no express warranty, but, without going into this, the case was settled, Mr. Ward, the vendor, and Mr. Osborne, the maker, of the rifle agreeing to contribute together 1,000*l*. to compensate the plaintiff.

THE ISLINGTON SANITARY INSPECTOR appealed to the Queen's Bench Division against a decision of the Dalston Police Magistrate, who, on the ground that the respondent, a milk dealer, was ignorant of the abstraction, dismissed a charge brought against him of having sold milk from which 28 per cent. of the original fat had been abstracted. Mr. Justice Grantham sustained the appeal because the statute provided that vendors of milk should take warranties from the persons from whom they bought it that the milk had not been tampered with. If they did not choose to take that simple precaution, they must themselves be responsible for the quality of the milk sold by them.

A MARRIED COUPLE named Neal, the husband, a bricklayer, sixty-eight years of age, and his wife, a young woman of twenty-four, had been lodging since Friday last week at 81, St. Peter's Street, Islington. Between eight and nine on Tuesday morning shrieks were heard issuing from their room, and Mrs. Neal was found with blood pouring from a wound in her throat. Removed to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, she died in two hours. At the moment of the discovery Neal ran downstairs and made his escape, only, however, to be arrested in Dalston on Tuesday night. On being charged he said, "I ain't guilty." A small pocket knife, with blood on the handle, was found on him. On Wednesday he was formally charged at the Clerkenwell Police-court with the murder of his wife. The landlady of the house in which they lodged deposed that the prisoner, as he ran downstairs, exclaimed, "They have robbed me enough." On Monday evening she had seen the deceased carrying things away from the house. Neal was remanded for a week.

OILING THE WAVES

So many wonderful stories of what has been achieved by the use of oil on occasions of ships being in peril have been narrated from time to time as to excite surprise at no action having yet been taken by the Court of Admiralty, or some section of our Mercantile Marine, to test thoroughly its usefulness as an agent in stilling the waters when agitated by storms.

In France prizes were recently given at the Port of Dunkerque to some persons who entered upon experiments of the kind indicated; and, from the published descriptions of what took place, all that was done pointed to a really successful issue. In Scotland, also, one or two trials of oil have taken place at Scottish fishery ports, various modes of throwing oil on the troubled waters being tried. Such a satisfactory measure of success attended these experiments as led all interested in fish-curing to hope that at an early date practical plans of some kind would be announced, suitable, at all events, for the herring fishery, the boats engaged in which suffer sadly at times from the outbursts of sudden storms.

As an indication of what has previously been accomplished in stilling the waves, it may be stated that, some thirty-five years since, a story "went the round" about an old whaler which had safely weathered about fifty storms, the crew never feeling in danger. Nor was the ship referred to a strongly-built one; but, in spite of that, it always came safe to port.

"The reason," said the old skipper to an inquirer in the Island of St. Helena, where the battered old boat used frequently to put in an appearance, "is because of our having plenty of oil aboard. We are always a-doing something or other with our cargo, and drops of it often fall on the water. Then the refuse from the try-pots is thrown overboard, and that helps to smooth the waves, so that they cannot break upon us. No heavy waves can sweep our decks, because our ship rides on the smoothest of water; wherever we are, the waves become glossy with oil."

Other whaling men of the Pacific Ocean used to relate similar experiences about benefits derived from waste portions of their cargo. Storms, they were fond of proclaiming, caused them no uneasiness. A barrel of oil or a perforated bag placed so as to drip from the bows, or even the sterns of their vessels, worked such sudden wonders upon the raging waters as to appear miraculous to sailors, and others who had never previously witnessed what could be done by the oiling of the water.

Other stories illustrative of the efficacy of oil in smoothing broken water might be given; but, as most of them tell the same tale, it is unnecessary to refer to more than two of them, and that briefly. The first relates to a crew that, being shipwrecked, were compelled to take to one of the small boats carried by the vessel in order to have a chance of saving their lives. Happily it occurred to the captain to try if a small quantity of oil would calm the surging sea, and keep the frail craft afloat as long as possible. The plan proved successful, a three-gallon can of oil being efficacious in stilling the broken waters, and so expediting the boat on its way to a haven of safety. The other case was that of the timber-ship *Jannette*, which sailed from a harbour in the United States to Melbourne. That vessel was so heavily laden in hold and on deck that her captain, a

shrewd Yankee, fearful that "something might happen," took on board a big barrel of oil—a wise precaution, as it turned out, as the voyage proved a stormy one. But a little drop of oil cast on the ravening waters at once wrought wonders in smoothing the path of the ship, which, after a protracted voyage of four months, arrived in safety at Hobson's Bay. The vessel having been given up as lost, when it became known that the captain had been able to ride the storm in safety aided only by the contents of his oil-barrel, his ship became for a time a show, and was visited by hundreds.

All who have been given an opportunity of judging of its effects, speak in high terms of the action of oil upon water, which, being instantaneous, appears magical. If the boat using that substance be going fast before the wind, the oil, percolating from a bladder or some other simple reservoir, is soon seen spreading far ahead, so that, in a few minutes, the sea for many yards around looks like a vast sheet of undulating glass, no broken water being perceptible, the safety of the vessel being thereby assured no matter what may be its dimensions. A little oil goes a long way, even a few drops being sufficient to cover forty or fifty square yards of water; it is all in vain that the outside waves come coursing to the oiled surface as if they would break into the charmed citadel, and wreck the labouring vessel, but no such event ever comes to pass; as the threatening waves gallop onward to the protected surface, they gradually lose their power and cease to have any effect, they cannot ruffle the water, or act to the detriment of a ship or boat protected by the oil.

The fisher folk are not an intelligent class, but it has been said it was a fisherman who was the discoverer of the powers of oil as a factor in stilling the waters in times of storm. Like many other wonderful discoveries, that of oiling the waves of the sea in order to the safety of ships, was accidental. It was made by a fisherman in the north of Scotland, while engaged in fishing for cod and ling. One stormy day he had thrown overboard a few of the livers of these fish, which in some way had become damaged, when, much to the surprise of himself and his companion, the waves no longer broke upon the craft. The lesson so learned was not neglected; upon several other occasions the bruised livers of codfish were thrown overboard with a similar result—the oil preventing the waves from breaking, and so long as they do not break, the safety of a vessel so protected is assured, no matter how high the water may rise around. Seeing then it was a fisherman who, as may be said, discovered the quality of oil as a "calm-water" producing agent, it is surprising that the great body of these men have not carried the plan into practice. It can scarcely be the matter of cost that prevents them, as the expenditure of about half-a-sovereign per annum would provide an ample supply of oil. Fishermen, however, are so wedded to hereditary usages that they are slow to move. One would have fancied that the demonstrations made at the port of Peterhead, a well-known rendezvous of herring-fishermen in Scotland, would have served to convince them of the value of oil as an agent for the preservation of life. In all likelihood, if we knew their feeling on the matter, we would learn that they would probably look upon the carrying of a bladder filled with oil as "a tempting of Providence" that would be more likely to bring a curse on the waters than to still the waves; once, at any rate, when a little experiment of the kind was attempted during the winter herring-fishing in the Firth of Forth, the crew of a boat hailing from one of the little ports turned back with all speed when it was seen what was being attempted. "It was something awful," the men said, "sure to bring bad luck." "Luck" is the evil genius of the fisher folk, and it is vain, as yet, to struggle against their opinions; in time, perhaps, their hereditary superstitions may come to be laughed at even by themselves, but at present it is not so—omens and forebodings are industriously looked for and religiously acted upon day by day.

In connection with the various fisheries carried on in the Great North Sea, where the fish caught require to be transferred from the vessels engaged in their capture to the ships appointed to carry them to market (often a work of great danger), the oiling of the waves, when the water is rougher than usual, would prevent the bills of mortality incidental to that hazardous work from attaining the high figure by which they are occasionally characterised. J. G. B.

EDUCATION IN RUSSIA is at a low ebb. Only 12 per cent. of the population can read and write.

THE PROPOSED NEW CABLE BETWEEN CANADA AND GREAT BRITAIN is greatly approved in the Dominion. Probably it will run 150 miles north of any existing line, being laid between Greenly Island, in the Straits of Belleisle, and Clew Bay, in Ireland. To the east the cable will be connected with the Imperial Government Telegraph Service, and to the west with the Dominion Government Service.

THE MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL progresses so favourably that the contractors expect to finish the works before the time stipulated—the end of 1891. Twelve thousand men and ninety-six steam navvies are employed, the work going on by night as well as by day. In some parts the waterway is practically complete, while the docks at Salford are also nearly finished. The locks will be roomy enough to accommodate the largest Atlantic liner.

THE RUINED PALACE OF ST. CLOUD is falling down. Endless discussions have gone on during the past few years on the advisability of demolishing the ruins and building a museum or some public institution on the site, but nothing has been done. Now, however, the walls have given way to wind and weather, and a whole side of the Palace collapsed on Monday night. The Palace was burnt down during the Franco-Prussian campaign of 1870.

THE PROPOSED RAILWAY UP THE JUNGFRAU has been so strongly opposed, both on picturesque and practical grounds, that the originator, Herr Trautweiler, publishes in a Swiss journal a full defence of his scheme. He states that the railway would be almost entirely underground from the valley to the summit, with intermediate stations, whence tunnels would lead to good points of view for the passengers. The line will be lighted with electricity, so as to be used by night as well as day, and in all weathers, while during the two hours' journey to the summit passengers would gradually become accustomed to the difference of atmosphere. Probably the temperature of the railway would be about 37 deg. Fahrenheit.

THE GREAT HAT QUESTION.—Hats or no hats! Whether it is nobler to salute your friends with a bow, a smile, a cordial grasp of the hand, or to bare your head in a biting and influenza-laden wind! That is the question which, says the *Daily Graphic*, in many parts of Austria is just now exciting more attention than the racial conflict in Bohemia, or the intrigues of Russia in Bulgaria. Since the inception of the anti-hat-doffing agitation was recorded in these columns, considerable progress has been made with the movement. The unions have received the adhesions of a large number of members, and already the military salute is getting to be quite a feature in social life. An erudite Goethe *forscher* has discovered a verse by the great poet which denounces hat-doffing, but the authenticity of which is doubted by the literary authorities among the doffists. The result is a subsidiary controversy which gives the movement a pleasant element of variety. While the Austrians are thus occupied in introducing an Oriental standard of etiquette into Europe, it is interesting to hear that the Sultan is contemplating the substitution of the Prussian *Pickelhaube* for the fez and turban in the Ottoman army. Will this lead to the introduction of the discarded hat-doffing into Turkey?

THE SCILLY ISLANDS

MENTION of the Scilly Islands is wont to conjure up thoughts of barren rocks, surrounded by treacherous currents, and swept by howling tempests, that have engulfed within their yeasty depths many a stately ship; and from their isolated position, exposed to the full force of the Atlantic Ocean, and right in the course of numerous ocean-going vessels, it is only natural that there should have been recorded dreadful tales of shipwreck, suffering, and death. That terrible calamity of May, 1875, will still be fresh in the minds of many, when the German mail boat *Schiller*, having on board 354 souls, ran on the Retarrier Ledges at ten o'clock at night in a dense fog, and became a total wreck before the morrow's dawn. Dangerous as was this neighbourhood to the old-time mariner, it was rendered even doubly so by the wrecking proclivities of the hardy islanders; for in those days, away back in the dim past, they were wont to cluster round the sacred well of their Patron Saint, throwing therein crooked pins and performing other superstitious ceremonies to the end that the good services of the gentle St. Werna might be invoked, and a generous supply of shipwrecks speedily ensured. And as they, moreover, aided the goddess in her work by the more practical method of placing false lights for the purpose of deceiving mariners, they were generally successful in alluring many a goodly ship to her doom. However, it is comforting to know that the last of the wrecking community who had, like birds of prey, flocked together on St. Agnes were one day blotted out in a very decided manner. The whole population of the island, consisting of five families, had crossed to St. Mary's to celebrate some feast, and on the return journey, a storm having arisen, their boats were swamped, and they themselves were engulfed within the seething waves. This summary manner of disposal suggests the equally expeditious method by which another nefarious practice was abolished. During the time when the islands were under the sway of the Abbot of the opulent Monastery of Tavistock, the monks exacted toll from all and sundry—even resident fishermen—on every occasion of landing or embarking at the only available port in St. Mary's—Old Town. Richard Plantagenet, happening to land here unexpectedly and unknown, was importuned as usual for this unjust tax; but the hasty-tempered Richard, after staring for a few moments in blank astonishment, promptly knocked the unsuspecting friar on the head.

Happily, however, the dark doings enacted round those wave-bound rocks are now so distant that time has lent enchantment to the subject, and thrown around the misdeeds of those daring old Scillonians a halo of romance. No more, except in very dirty weather, can this spot be considered dangerous to shipping, for from the Garrison Hill on a clear night five bright lights may be made out, each one a sea-girt Pharos, whose granite base, grizzled with eld, has been beaten with the storms of ages.

The transition from wrecking to flower-growing, the industry that has made the Scilly of to-day so prosperous, has by no means been an easy one. Despite their insular position, the Scillonians did not escape the troublous times of the Civil Wars. Indeed, it would seem that they turned the occasion to some account by transforming their rocky fastnesses into a piratical stronghold, and, with well-fitted cruisers, commenced preying on England's maritime interest generally. As soldiers were quartered in the garrison during the war with Napoleon, and the Channel Squadron made frequent visits to the islands, merchantmen congregated in numbers waiting for safe convoy up the Channel, all of which naturally gave a considerable impetus to trade. With the renewal of peace, their former occupations being gone, kelp-making was instituted, and the more daring carried on a lucrative business on their own account with their French neighbours, which occasionally brought them into conflict with His Majesty's Excise officers.

These two occupations having likewise dwindled away, we find that in 1828 the Scillonians were reduced to such straits as to have been the recipients of alms from the Penzance people. Immediately following this state of destitution a Fishery Company was formed, which struggled, languished, and collapsed. The next venture was shipbuilding, and that flourished with more or less success for a quarter of a century, but declined in its turn, to give place to the present peaceful and remunerative vocation of floriculture.

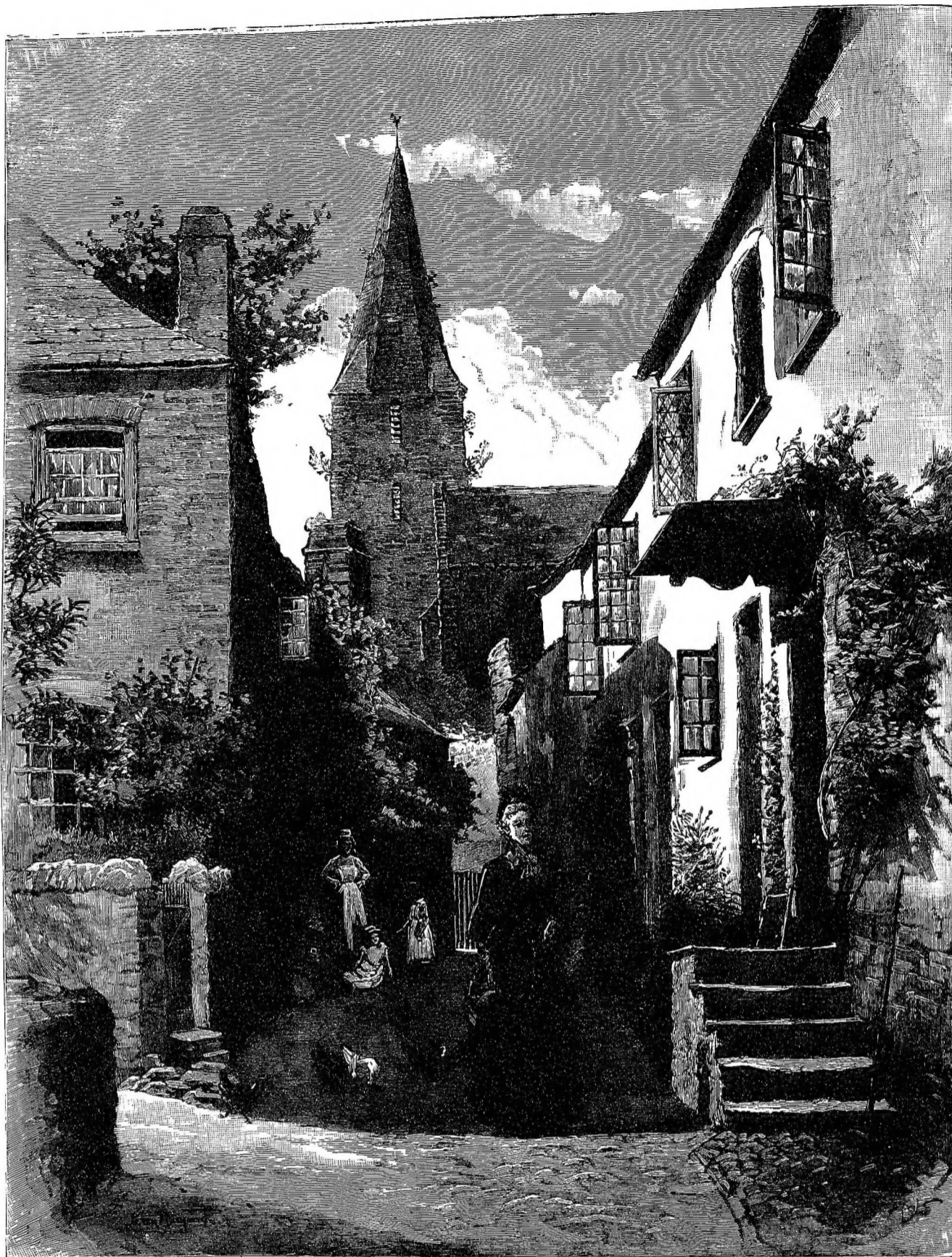
If ever a place in these latitudes was entitled to the appellation of "emerald," it is surely Scilly, for, on account of its exceedingly genial climate, the vegetation is surprisingly fresh and luxurious, and the stranger who has imagined that he would find but scant verdure on these islands by the winter sea, will be lost in amazement and ecstasy at the surprises that await him at every turn in this veritable little Eden. The early potatoes, narcissus, and the almost endless variety of vegetable, fruit, and flower that are cultivated here, are protected from the rude winter breezes by strong evergreen hedge-plants, which, even in the more exposed places, take readily to the soil, and grow rapidly. In the gardens are trees from all quarters of the globe, and the manner in which these exotics flourish is something to behold.

A New Zealander wandering about the more sheltered spots could easily imagine himself back again among his cabbage-trees and flax-bushes; while an old-man kangaroo, if suddenly transported to these shores—unless, perhaps, thinking that New Holland had somewhat contracted, and it would be advisable not to make too energetic a bound in case of going overboard—would never realise, surrounded as he would be by so many Australian bushes, but that his massive hind legs were on his native scrub.

To climb, like the Arch-Druid of old, to some stern, precipitous cliff, and gaze out upon the surrounding archipelago—for the island-studded sea is everywhere about you and beyond you—is to supply a theme for such pleasant meditation that the impression will long linger with you; and, should the day be fair, the ever-changing hue of the gleaming water, the rocky inlets, and the grassy hillocks stretching down to meet the rippling wave, will all assist in forming a picture which it would be difficult to imagine could ever wear a more frowning mien. J. B.

OPPONENTS OF STREET MUSIC IN LONDON may be interested to hear that the prohibition of organ-grinders and itinerant musicians has proved a distinct failure in New York. The poorer classes complained so bitterly of losing this cheap recreation that the authorities have been obliged to alter their decree. Accordingly they license a certain number of organ grinders and street bands, who hold their licence solely on the condition of good behaviour.

THE NICE CARNIVAL is to be most elaborate this year. A grand historical procession will parade the town on February 12th, when 1,800 persons will take part in the display, including a large detachment of French soldiers. The procession is to be divided into six groups—"Mythology," representing the chief Olympian deities; "Egypt," India, and China, with the Pharaohs and Cleopatra; "Victory," comprising Julius Caesar and the Romans; "France," from Vercingetorix and Charlemagne to Louis XV.; "Russia," from Rurik, the founder of the Empire, to Peter the Great; and the "First French Republic," with Napoleon, Hoche, Ney, Marceau, and other military celebrities, escorted by a squadron of French cavalry in the uniform of the period. Three halts will be made at certain points to entertain the spectators with an Egyptian dance, gladiatorial combats, and a Republican review.



DRAWN BY PERCY MACQUOID

Lady Charlotte walked meditatively up the village street.

"MADAME LEROUX"

"Too early seen unknown, and known too late."—ROMEO AND JULIET.

By FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLES," "AMONG ALIENS," "LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA," "THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE," &c.

CHAPTER V.

It was with the sensation of having obtained a reprieve, that, on entering the library at Enderby Court, Lucy Marston found its only occupants to be Sir Lionel and Miss Feltham. She was half ashamed of her own cowardice. And yet it was a relief to find everything as usual; everything peaceful, home-like, and familiar. The governess sat in her accustomed corner with her embroidery; and Sir Lionel was seated at his own special writing-table, which was strewn with books and papers in a disorderly fashion.

Sir Lionel's "studies" were not confined to any one branch of learning or literature. Indeed, the "study" in hand might usually be ascertained by knowing what was the latest addition to his library in the shape of a rare or costly work. A remarkably fine copy of Spence's "Polymetis" was among his recent acquisitions; and Sir Lionel (tempted by that facile and seductive form of literature which consists in registering other people's utterances on the subject of somebody else's work) was about comparing and collating a variety of passages relating to sculpture from Latin authors. These he intended to throw together into an erudite article for a local antiquarian magazine printed in the county town. But he had hitherto got no farther than taking down several volumes, and making a few pencil-marks on the margins of them.

Almost as soon as he saw Lucy, he begged her to be kind enough to copy out forthwith the marked passages on separate sheets of paper.

"There are still three-quarters of an hour before luncheon," he said, looking at his watch. "Thank you, my dear."

For Lucy had promptly set herself to her task; and was sorting and arranging the books and papers which lay littered about the table.

"It will greatly facilitate my labours to have assistance in the mechanical part of the work. I find that my mental processes—to be at all clear and vigorous—require absolute bodily repose. The mere act of writing often disturbs them. Well, well, I must not complain. As Dr. Goodchild says, if I had had to choose between a sharp sword and a strong scabbard, I should have chosen the sword. It would be best to have both, of course. But if I must choose, I should certainly have chosen the sword."

Whereupon Sir Lionel sank into his arm-chair; opened a volume that was placed on the moveable reading-desk affixed to it; laid a pencil beside it, ready to his hand; and devoted himself to his mental processes.

Lucy wrote on diligently until the silvery chime of the library time-piece announced the luncheon hour. At its sound, she laid down her pen, and looked at Sir Lionel, who at the same moment had risen from his seat, and was saying to Miss Feltham:

"Probably Lady Charlotte will lunch in her own room, since she is not down yet. Perhaps we had better—"

He was interrupted by the opening of the door, and the entrance of Lady Charlotte Gaunt just as the first strokes of the gong began to boom through the hall.

"Oh, good morning, Lady Charlotte, I hope you have rested well? I began to think that, perhaps, you were not coming to luncheon."

He offered his arm to his sister-in-law as he spoke, and she answered, during their passage from the library to the dining-room.

"In that case I should have let you know. I would not have kept you waiting a moment. I know your accurate punctuality of old."

"Necessity in my case, I'm sorry to say. Not that punctuality is not desirable always. But in my case it is positively commanded by my physicians. Any irregularity in the hours of eating such little food as I am able to take produces the most disastrous effects."

As soon as the whole party was seated at table, Sir Lionel said graciously, "Lady Charlotte, I must present my private secretary to you. You didn't know I had a private secretary? Oh, dear, yes; and a most admirable one! Miss Lucy Marston."

Lucy coloured under the cold and scrutinising look which Lady Charlotte gave in return for her modest bow. But in an instant, as the girl's eyes met her own, the expression of Lady Charlotte's face changed, and broke up, as it were, like an image in water suddenly troubled. There was perplexity in it, and something like pain, and an almost fierce haughtiness.

"What name did you say?" she asked, speaking a thought quicker than was habitual with her.

"Miss Lucy Marston, Mildred's dearest friend, and a great pet with us all," answered Sir Lionel.



Henry W. Stanley

MR. H. M. STANLEY
A SKETCH FROM LIFE, BY MR. REGINALD BARRATT, OUR ARTIST AT CAIRO



EMIN PASHA'S PEOPLE "AT HOME" IN THE ABBASSIVEH BARRACKS
THE ARRIVAL OF THE EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION AT CAIRO

Lucy looked at him with a grateful smile, and then looked back at Lady Charlotte. But the latter turned away her face as she said,

"Miss Marston was not here last night when I arrived?"

"No," broke out Mildred, eagerly; "she had gone away to her Uncle's, and I had the trouble of bringing her home this morning—for this is her real home. But she is a very self-willed person, and I have some difficulty in keeping her in order, I assure you. But, Aunt Charlotte, you must not call her 'Miss Marston.' We shan't know whom you are talking about. Lucy is Lucy at Enderby Court."

Lady Charlotte smiled indulgently on her niece; and then, turning to Sir Lionel, quietly remarked in her rather slow and guttural tones,

"Mildred has poor dear Jane's eyes—the Gaunt eyes. Really blue eyes are rare; what are called so, have very often no pure colour in them."

Lucy felt chilled, as though a cold breeze had blown over her. Lady Charlotte's manner seemed to her to express very plainly that her ladyship did not think it worth while to bestow any further attention on Miss Lucy Marston. No one else, however, seemed struck by this. Mildred, at all events, was evidently unconscious of her aunt's having any such meaning; and Sir Lionel's attention had been attracted elsewhere, for there happened to be a very favourite dish of his on the table. It was a sweetbread dressed with a peculiar white sauce, which his *chef* professed to have invented. With this dish Sir Lionel made a point of drinking one glass of some specially fine Sauterne, which he was proud of; and to-day the wine was in perfect condition. He was habitually polite, but the sweetbread and the Sauterne might be credited with some share in the peculiar urbanity with which, in reply to Lady Charlotte's remark, he answered that the more Mildred resembled her mother's family, in every respect, the better he should be pleased.

"My daughter cannot do better than imitate the example before her," said Sir Lionel. "Lady Charlotte, permit me to recommend you this Château Yquem; I should like your opinion of it. I don't know whether Grimstock cares very much about his cellar? A man who is obliged to live so much by rule as myself must look upon his wines from what I might call the pure Art point of view. It is not a question of personal indulgence. I have found out, by observation and experience, what I may take with impunity, and what is forbidden. And I will tell you a curious fact, showing the delicate adjustment of our tastes and instincts to our needs—if we were but wise enough to attend to them, instead of being coarsely guided by mere gluttony. In most instances, certain combinations which agree perfectly with my health are precisely the combinations which my cook has arrived at, simply with the aim of pleasing the palate! And yet my digestion is, Dr. Goodchild says, the most delicate he ever met with in the whole course of his practice!"

During the utterance of this gastronomic philosophy, Miss Feltham's thoughts had been busy with the past; and she seemed to be completing aloud a sentence begun mentally, as, bending slightly forward, she said, in a low, earnest voice,

"And I never heard what became of Miss Graham. Do you know if she is still living, Lady Charlotte?"

The next moment—seeing Lady Charlotte's pale face flush, and then grow slowly paler than ever—she repented of having asked the question so abruptly. She ought, she told herself, to have considered that Caroline Graham was connected with many remembrances which must be sad and painful to Lady Charlotte Gaunt—the death of her favourite brother; the departure of Ralph Rushmere; even the end of Lady Charlotte's youth and beauty and social triumphs: for she had never been the same woman since. People said that she had been crushed by her brother Hubert's death. But Miss Feltham had long secretly suspected that the loss of Ralph Rushmere had preyed upon her with a sorrow all the keener because, in her pride, she hid it; pressing it resolutely inward to pierce her heart, as a thorn pierces the flesh. Miss Feltham felt deeply self-reproachful. But Lady Charlotte, whatever her inward emotions might have been, answered with perfect self-possession, "Certainly she is living. Why should she not be? You are living. I am living. And she is my junior."

"Oh, yes; of course she is a great deal younger than I. I asked only because when she left Lady Grimstock she was not in good health."

Lady Charlotte withdrew her eyes from Miss Feltham's nervous face, as she answered, "She was ill. But she was suffering in mind more than in body. She had great troubles—bitter troubles."

"Dear me! I had never heard—! I am sorry to hear it!"

"I do not think you were ever a great friend of Caroline's, Miss Feltham," answered Lady Charlotte, regarding the governess with a slow, expressionless glance which was infinitely contemptuous.

The governess felt the tone, rather than the words, of this little speech to be offensive, and replied to it with a good deal of quiet dignity. "No, Lady Charlotte; it is quite true that I never was a great friend of Miss Graham's. A 'great friend' is a great word. Nevertheless, I am sorry to hear that she had bitter troubles. At any rate, she had the consolation of a friendship far more valuable than mine could ever have been. I know that you were consistently good to her."

"The Gaunts are not apt to be fickle in their friendships," put in Sir Lionel.

"I am sure I have reason gratefully to say so," answered Miss Feltham.

"Caroline Graham has no obligations to me," said Lady Charlotte, speaking in a resolute way, and as though she were rehearsing something she had deliberately made up her mind to say. "Her affection—her devotion, to me and mine, deserve all, and more than all, I ever had it in my power to do for her."

Mildred, vaguely remembering having heard her mother mention a Caroline Graham, who was a pretty girl long ago in the days of her mother's own youth, began to question her aunt about her. But Lady Charlotte checked her. "I have not seen her for years, Mildred. We do not meet. I know her to be in an honourable position, and doing well. If she were in need or trouble to-morrow, and I could help her, she would ask me. She would have a right to ask me. That is enough for us both." Then, turning to her brother-in-law she said, "Now you must not make ceremonies, Lionel. I have informed myself as to your habits, and Mrs. Griffiths tells me that you retire into the library after luncheon, and are not to be disturbed until you ring. You must do as you are accustomed to do. I have plenty to occupy me during the next two hours. In the first place, I have desired Mrs. Griffiths to show me all over the house. I mean to visit it thoroughly. I must make myself acquainted with the sphere of my duties, you know; for I don't hold with constitutional government for a household:—Queen Log, with a responsible Cabinet of upper servants. I intend to be a real *châtelaine* after the fashion of my great-grandmothers."

Sir Lionel, with a murmured word or two about the sad necessity a valetudinarian was under of submitting to live by rule, mildly resigned himself to the decrees of Fate; and soon fell peacefully asleep in his arm-chair, with a fine old folio wide open on the reading-desk beside him.

Then said Lady Charlotte to her niece, "I will have some tea in my own room at five o'clock, Mildred; and you must come to me then, and we will have a quiet chat together, and get better acquainted with each other. You and I are to be very dear friends, you know, my child." Lady Charlotte lightly stroked the girl's hair, and looked down at her with a smile, and a softened gleam

from the steel-grey eyes, which made Mildred all at once understand why it was that every one who had known her aunt in the past days had retained an impression of her remarkable beauty. "Meanwhile," proceeded Lady Charlotte, "I dare say Miss Feltham can find something for you to do. I suppose you have some lessons?—reading, and so on? Do you draw still, Miss Feltham? I remember your flower-pieces. I must pay you a visit in the schoolroom to-morrow."

The servants had withdrawn before this time, but, on Lady Charlotte's ringing the bell, the butler promptly appeared. "Tell Mrs. Griffiths," said Lady Charlotte, "that I am ready, and shall be glad if she will be good enough to attend me at once."

Warner, who was already much impressed by her ladyship's authoritative air of command, obeyed this order with considerably more alacrity of movement than was customary with him; and, when Lady Charlotte left the room—a tall, majestic figure, in long trailing black robes—Miss Feltham, and Lucy, and Mildred, caught sight through the open door of Mrs. Griffiths, keys in hand, and clad in her purple silk gown, making a reverential curtsy.

"I see now what everybody meant," said Mildred, after watching her aunt out of the room. "She *must* have been splendidly handsome!"

If her eyes had not been exclusively occupied with Lady Charlotte, they might have been struck by the expression on the faces of her two companions. Miss Feltham's mild placidity had given place to a nervous puckering of the forehead, and a strained pressure of the lips together; while Lucy seemed literally overshadowed, as though by the twilight of a physical eclipse, which quenches all colour and sparkle. But Mildred noticed nothing of all this; and had she noticed, would not have understood. What, she would have asked, had Aunt Charlotte said or done to alarm or depress any one? And the question might not have been easy to answer. Nevertheless, a painful impression had been made. Miss Feltham was conscious that she had been entirely set aside; and she remembered, shrinkingly, the ruthless self-will of the spoiled young Beauty of former days. Lucy had no such experience to guide her; she had never been subjected to harshness or tyranny. But she was by nature both more observant and more sensitive than the good old governess. And she had, moreover, some share of that imaginative insight which supplies the place of experience, and reaches the unknown from the known. No trait in the little scene just enacted escaped her; the cool ignoring that Miss Feltham had for years been holding a responsible position in Enderby Court: the absolute disregard for any habits which the household (excepting only Sir Lionel) must have formed during all these years; the almost naïf assumption that their life must begin entirely anew, since *she*, Lady Charlotte Gaunt, was adjusting herself to a new place in the world, all these things Lucy Marston saw clearly, and felt keenly. She saw, too, what was utterly invisible to Miss Feltham; the touch of absurdity in it all; and, in spite of her real anxieties, enjoyed it. There is no greater generator of oxygen in the moral atmosphere than a sense of humour.

But her lips were locked both as to the tragic and the comic aspect of the situation. Not for the world would she have said a word to check Mildred's growing admiration for her aunt. On this point Lucy and Miss Feltham understood each other thoroughly, and were quite at one. So they all three repaired to the schoolroom, as usual; where, while Mildred practised a sonata, Lucy worked off some of her mental excitement by writing at Sir Lionel's interminable extracts for more than an hour and a-half.

CHAPTER VI.

It was noticed by the servants at Enderby Court that Lady Charlotte took good care to pay attention to Sir Lionel's habits, and was even complaisant to his whims. And they attributed her deference to that species of wisdom figuratively described as knowing which side your bread is buttered. But they were wrong in taking so crude and simple a view of the matter. These domestic critics are, indeed, frequently misled by failing to get a correct focus for their observations, and go on seeing wrong with great sharpness.

Lady Charlotte's conviction of the importance of the Gaunt family in the scheme of creation invested even their remotest connections with some rays of reflected dignity in her eyes. And Sir Lionel was by no means a remote connection. He had married a Gaunt; his daughter had the Gaunt blood in her veins. There had been a time when Jane's marriage had been viewed by her sister as a derogation from her rank. But this view had been softened—partly by time and experience, partly by circumstances which had made it turn out better than Charlotte had at first anticipated. In the meantime Grimstock had made an unexceptionable match. He had married a well-dowered young lady of good birth. Not, indeed, one who boasted quite so ancient and splendid a genealogy as his own. "Where," asked Charlotte, "was a bride to be found who could meet him there on equal terms?" But, at all events, the pedigree of the direct heir to the earldom would be blemished by no *misalliance*. And then Adelaide had done her duty very satisfactorily. Lady Grimstock was the mother of three sons, and the succession was safe. This happy state of things rendered Jane's unequal marriage a matter of comparatively small moment in her sister's eyes.

Lady Charlotte had a good deal of sympathy with Sir Lionel's ailments, which she was far from supposing to be imaginary. One of the characteristics on which she prided herself was the possession of almost unbroken health. She had as fine a constitution as her well-made and vigorous frame seemed to promise. Only one malady ever assailed her, and that but at long intervals, and under the pressure of mental disturbance. This was a severe form of nervous headache. The attacks had begun immediately after her brother Hubert's death, and were supposed to have been originally caused by the shock of it. But her own fine health did not render her sceptical as to the invalid condition of Sir Lionel. The Gaunts had splendid health; but one could not expect that sort of constitution in every one!

On the whole, Lady Charlotte was well satisfied with the state of things which she found at Enderby Court. In the first place, Mildred was charming—fresh-hearted, affectionate, with an air of native refinement, and a great deal prettier than was necessary for so great an heiress. With Sir Lionel, too, his sister-in-law was very well content. He was evidently willing to yield up all domestic authority to her, provided his own habits and comforts were in no way interfered with. Their two departments would run in parallel lines, and there was no fear of their intersecting each other. As regarded material well-being, the home was a far more luxurious one than Charlotte Gaunt, great lady though she were, had ever inhabited. There were only two points which she objected to. And the objection grew stronger as the days went by, and she saw more of the inner life of the household.

The first point was the continuance of Miss Feltham in the position of Mildred's governess; the second was the familiar presence of Lucy Marston.

Miss Feltham had never been a favourite with Lady Charlotte, whose mind had been unconsciously prejudiced against her by a spoiled and self-willed beauty—namely, her humble *protégée* and dependent, Caroline Graham. But, in justice to her, it must be said that Lady Charlotte conscientiously thought Miss Feltham unequal to the task of finishing Mildred's education. The governess was old-fashioned and humdrum, and her music especially was lamentably below the modern standard. But there would doubtless

be no difficulty in getting rid of Miss Feltham. She must be kindly dismissed—pensioned off, if necessary. Lionel would not grudge that.

The case of Lucy Marston was somewhat different. Although Lady Charlotte would not have admitted it, even to her own thought, she was possessed by a violent prejudice against the girl. That she disliked her, she did admit. But Lady Charlotte did not call her dislike a prejudice. There were reasons for it. She disapproved entirely of the footing which this village attorney's daughter held at Enderby Court. She was treated absolutely as Mildred's equal—which was absurd and unjust to the girl herself, who could not hope to go through life in that social position. The thing must be put a stop to. Instinctively, Lady Charlotte felt that this task would be far more difficult than getting rid of poor old Miss Feltham. Sir Lionel, as well as his daughter, had taken a great fancy to the girl. There was a jealous consciousness at the bottom of Lady Charlotte's mind that, in a struggle, Lucy's influence both with father and daughter might possibly prove stronger than her own. And the consciousness embittered her, and, at the same time, made her more and more resolved that Lucy Marston must go. What was it, after all, that poor Lucy had done to incur so much hostility? She had inspired a dislike at first sight. Something in her face—the frank, unfearing expression of her eyes, the waving dark lock of hair on her forehead—everything about her was displeasing to Lady Charlotte. "I certainly have taken a strong antipathy to the girl," said Lady Charlotte to herself. She had great faith in the correctness of her own instincts; and would seriously declare that she had always found them to be unerring.

During the first few weeks after her arrival, Lady Charlotte was too much occupied in other ways to bestow much personal attention on the inmates of the school-room; who were thus left very much to their own devices, and undisturbed by innovations. Lady Charlotte had to return the visits of the neighbouring families who had called on her. She had greatly relieved Sir Lionel's mind by declining all evening invitations, and by assuring him that she intended to mingle with their neighbours no more than the barest civility required. The calls, however, must be returned by Lady Charlotte in person; and she was consequently a good deal away from Enderby Court during the long and lovely afternoons of the latter spring, which followed her arrival.

And besides these social duties, Lady Charlotte was making herself acquainted with the denizens of Westfield. Having asserted her supremacy over the domestic department of her brother-in-law's domain, she turned her attention to the outside retainers; humble tenants, pensioners, and, in short, all those persons in the village who depended more or less for their prosperity on the sunshine of that centre of their earthly system, Enderby Court.

Lady Charlotte for the most part made her expeditions into Westfield alone. She had procured from Mrs. Griffiths, the housekeeper, a list of Lady Jane's pensioners, and also many particulars about the inhabitants of all classes: from Dr. Goodchild, and Mr. Arden, the Vicar, down to bed-ridden Goody Bloxham. But in the course of her investigations in the village she heard of Mr. Jackson, as a man crippled by rheumatism, whose wife had been a servant at the Court, and a favourite with Lady Jane.

"And," said one of her informants, "my lady did send old Mr. Jackson a powerful lot o' doctor's stuff every year. Why, the liniments, first and last, would ha' filled that there horse-trough! Ah, she was a real good lady, was Lady Jane. She giv' me something to rub my leg with for a sprain once, and it made me hotter again, it did; it pricked so. She had a feeling 'art for the poor and needy."

This grateful soul having indicated the whereabouts of the Jacksons' cottage, Lady Charlotte betook herself thither.

The day being bright and sunny, the front door of the cottage stood open. It gave access immediately into a little parlour, where, notwithstanding the summer-like temperature, a fire was burning brightly in the grate. The hearth, and all the iron-work about the fireplace, were speckless. Everything in the room showed an extraordinary degree of cleanliness; as well as a formal and rigid neatness which was almost painful. The furniture was ranged stiffly round the walls. A flowered drugget which covered the floor was crossed by narrow tracks of oil-cloth leading from the front-door to the hearth; and, in another direction, to a second door. And woe be to the dust-laden foot which should venture to stray from these paths of rectitude and plant itself on the drugget in Hannah Jackson's view! A small round table was drawn up close to the fire. Within easy reach of it stood a deep arm-chair, covered with bright chintz, and made comfortable by several pillows and cushions in patchwork cases; and in the chair, dressed in a loose warm coat, and with a patchwork counterpane drawn over his knees, sat the master of the house smoking a clay pipe. Here, indeed, he passed the greater part of his waking hours.

Thomas Jackson had a well-proportioned head and face, with rather handsome, rough-hewn features; black hair, but little grizzled despite his sixty odd years; a smooth-shaven mouth and chin, and very keen, twinkling, dark eyes. On the appearance of Lady Charlotte's majestic figure in the doorway, and in answer to her inquiry, "Is this Mr. Jackson's house?" he put his pipe away on the hob, touched his forehead with his forefinger, and explained apologetically that he was unable to rise from his seat without assistance.

"Don't disturb yourself," said Lady Charlotte. "I know you are an invalid. My sister took an interest in your case. I am Lady Charlotte Gaunt."

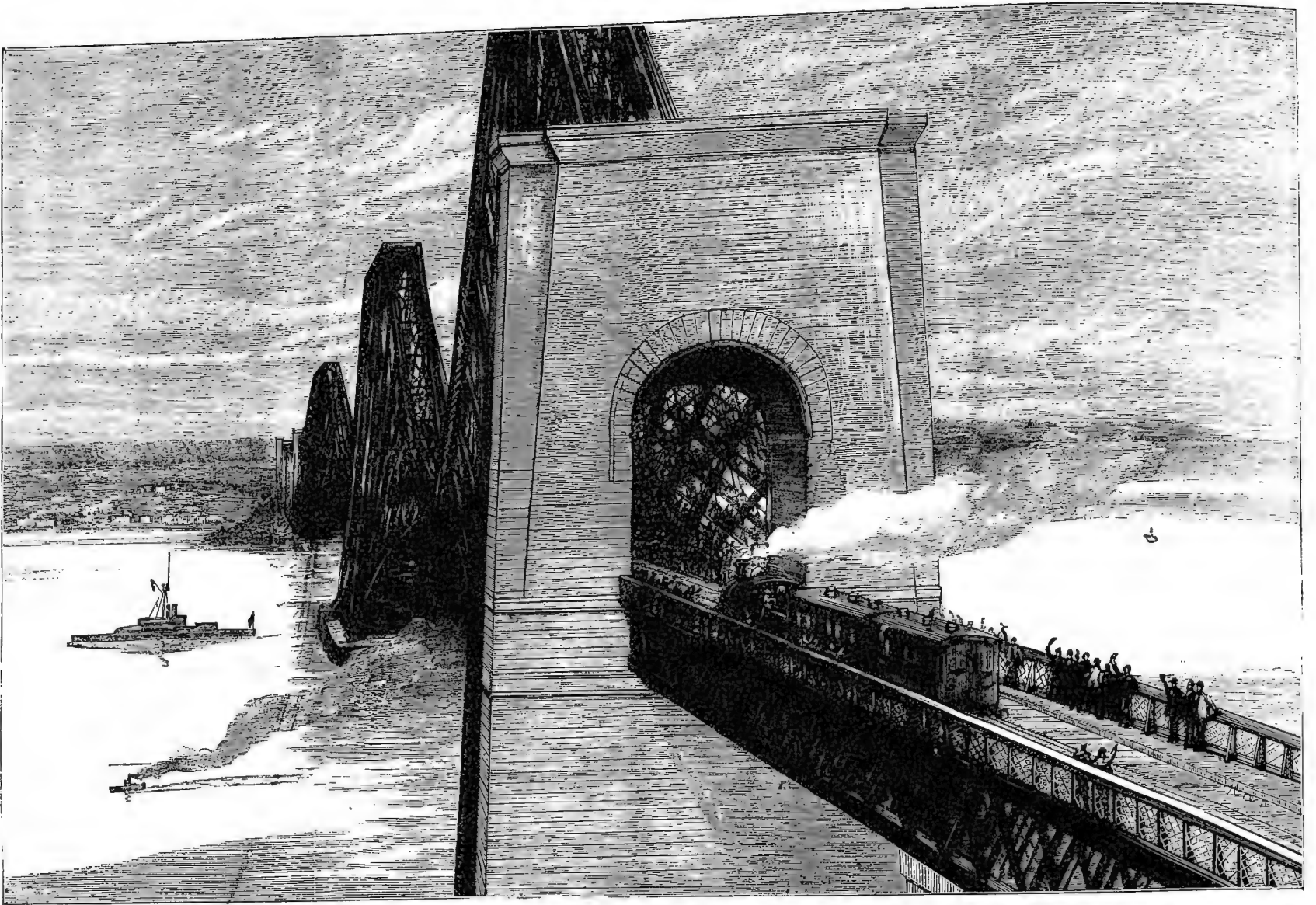
"No need to tell me that, my lady," answered Jackson, motioning to a chair. "Won't your ladyship please be seated? No fear of *you* being taken for anything but a Gaunt, my lady; and a thoroughbred 'un!"

Lady Charlotte bestowed a very gracious smile on the old man, as she sat down in a Windsor chair on the opposite side of the fireplace. "Have you known any other members of my family besides Lady Jane Enderby?" she asked.

"Oh, yes, my lady; before I went to Lord Percy Humberstone's—where I lived head-groom for twenty year—I was at Squire Parkinson's in the North (I'm Yorkshire myself), and the Earl of Grimstock, your late father, my lady, used to be there a great deal. He and Squire Parkinson used to go down to Doncaster together for the autumn meetings, and never missed the Leger for years. And his son, too—the present Earl—would come very often when he was a young gentleman at Oxford. Good judge of a horse he was, too, for his years."

The smile on Lady Charlotte's face grew considerably less beaming than before. Her late father's fondness for horsethief had notoriously plunged his family into difficulties, and his son and heir had at one time bade fair to follow his example. However, Lady Charlotte cleared her brow, and inquired about Mr. Jackson's rheumatism. She had not her sister's medical lore; but she quite approved of Lady Jane's zeal in physicking her poorer neighbours. It was the kind of knowledge which became a great lady.

Mr. Jackson answered briefly, that he knew he wasn't likely to be much better in this world. But he didn't grumble. He had the use of his eyes still, and of his ears; and—to a certain extent—of his hands. The privation he felt most keenly was that he should never more be able to back a horse again. For many a year he had half lived on horseback. However, a man ought to shut his mouth, and make the best of the goods that were left to him. And with this, Mr. Jackson evidently intended to dismiss the subject of his own ailments.



RUNNING THE FIRST TRAIN OVER THE NEW FORTH BRIDGE



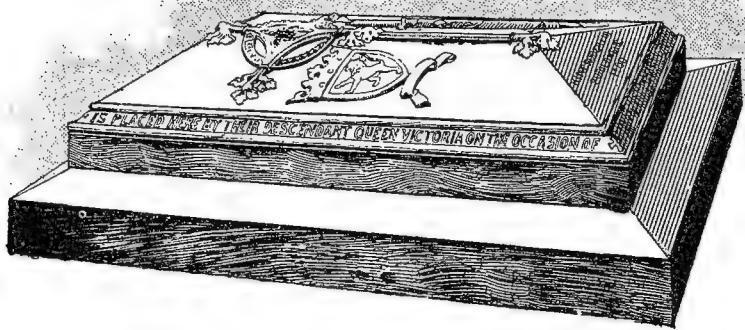
THE CANADIAN SS. "SARDINIAN" CROSSING THE ATLANTIC IN THE RECENT GALES



MR. H. M. STANLEY'S RETURN TO CIVILISATION
MR. STANLEY AND HIS PORTERS AT THE BRITISH AGENCY, ZANZIBAR

THE ROYAL STEWART MEMORIAL IN PAISLEY ABBEY

WHEN the Queen visited Paisley in 1888, she noticed that the remains of her Stewart ancestors interred within the Abbey had no monument erected to their memory. Shortly afterwards, Her Majesty commissioned Mr. John Hutchison, R.S.A., the well-known sculptor of Edinburgh, to design a suitable memorial. The memorial, which was recently unveiled by Sir Michael Shaw Stewart, Bart., Lord Lieutenant of Renfrewshire, consists of a recumbent sculptured cross. The base is of polished Peterhead granite, which rests on a block of Sicilian marble, with bevelled face, and on this is sculptured a Gothic cross of the period of the Abbey's erection. On the



left side of the block is carved the Scottish crest and motto, and on the right an ancient sword with belt entwined. Round the edge is a bold Gothic moulding, on which is the following inscription:—

"To the memory of the members of the Royal House of Stewart who are buried in Paisley Abbey, this stone is placed here by their descendant, Queen Victoria, on the occasion of her visit to Paisley—1888."

KING ROBERT III.
BURIED HERE
1405.

Our engraving is from a photograph kindly sent us by the sculptor.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

THERE can be no question of the genuine poetic merit of Mr. Gregory Smith's "Fra Angelico, and Other Short Poems" (Longmans). That it has met with a considerable measure of popular approval is evident from the fact that the work has reached a second edition. This in itself should be a sufficient reward to the author, if we estimate aright his meaning in the last verse of a prefatory poem:—

Like foam or blossom many a thought
Bursts into being but to die;
Not vainly, if thereby is wrought
Joy to one passer-by.

Mr. Smith is capable of aptly mirroring the self-questionings of our time, especially those which occur to persons of devotional mood. In "Fra Angelico da Fiesole" at least the thought is always on a high level. Thus we have:—

Seemed it not at times a madness thus to barter present gladness,
All the pride and pomp of living for a thing unseen, unknown,
As ye knelt before the altar did your prayers not ever falter
Ere they reached God's throne?

In the "Bride of the Sun" we have a pleasant picture of the spring time; while "Aphrodite" is musical enough, but the mental attitude of the poet is very different from that of Mr. Swinburne when treating a similar theme. Some of the events of recent history are also not unworthily handled by Mr. Gregory Smith.

Lord Rosslyn has just published a more or less complete collection of his works, "Sonnets and Poems" (Remington). They represent the poetical exertions of thirty years. Some of them have been printed before for private circulation, and others have appeared in the pages of magazines. The opening sonnets have a peculiar family interest, as their themes are Lord Rosslyn's wife, children, and friends. One addressed to the Earl of Beaconsfield commemorates the home-bringing from Berlin of "Peace with Honour." The poet's jubilee muse offering, "Love that Lasts For Ever," does not compare to disadvantage with the other verse called forth by the same event. Lord Rosslyn writes with sincerity and singleness of heart, and thus his work is not wanting in a certain dignity.

Mr. A. J. Boyd Head Master of the Toowoomba Grammar School, Queensland, holds that he might ease the path of boys over Palæozoic and Mesozoic, and a crowd of terms confusing by reason of their number, if he rendered geology into verse. So we have "The Earth's History" (Brisbane: Watson, Ferguson, and Co.). Mr. Boyd has found that boys as a rule take a delight in this study, and with a view to giving them some assistance to acquire its rudiments he constructed a kind of "Redimadaisy" in jingling rhymes, on the principle of Ince and Gilbert's well-known performance. Of course it is not poetry, but very possibly it may help little Australians, and prove a useful *memoria technica*. As to the advisability of its adoption here out of sight of the Southern Cross, our schoolmasters must judge for themselves.

The poetry in Mr. John Macgregor's "Our Land" (Religious Tract and Book Society, Edinburgh) is occasionally very like indifferent prose. Of "George Martin, of Auchendennan," who would seem, in the language of Burns, to have shone with "gear and grace," our poet observes:—

Respect for Auchendennan's name
The Scot with Anglo-Indian shares;
Admitting many a worthy claim,
He was the *Friend of Colporteurs*,
And *Colportage*, an enterprise
Destined to hold a higher place
With all who wish to Christianise
And really elevate our race.

"Our Land" is very prettily brought out, and the simply expressed admiration of the bard for piety and prosperity combined is tastefully enshrined. The volume closes with some vigorous eight-lined observations by St. Andrew on the Crofter Question, the patron saint being clearly strong for agrarian reform.

Mr. Walter Hamilton sends us the sixth volume of his "Parodies of the Works of English and American Authors" (Reeves and Turner). He began his publication six years ago, and with the issue of the quarto before us he claims for the whole work that every parody of literary merit or importance has been mentioned in its pages, whilst some thousands of the best have been given in full. The principal authors parodied in this concluding volume of the series are Browning, Dryden, Keats, Frederick Locker-Lampson, Rossetti, Sims, Swinburne, &c.

THE PORTUGUESE ARMY

AS Portugal still possesses the remains of a once great colonial Empire, her army is very wisely divided into two separate services—the home army and the colonial army.

The home army consists on a peace footing of 24,000 men, and on a war footing of 120,000 men. It is made up of thirty-six regiments of infantry, ten regiments of cavalry, thirty-six batteries of field artillery, twenty-four batteries of garrison artillery, six mountain batteries, and an engineer regiment.

The colonial army numbers about 8,500 men, and consists of four battalions of infantry and four batteries of artillery, recruited entirely from Portuguese, and of two battalions of infantry and two batteries of artillery recruited from Portuguese and natives.

Nominally, service in the Portuguese army is compulsory for all young men on reaching the age of twenty, but exemption can be purchased at a very low rate. In addition to this, the military officials only need 12,000 men a year, and as more than three times that number of youths reach the statutory age every year, only one in three will draw a fatal number.

The conscript joins the army for active service for three years, and at the end of this time, or in many cases after a year with the colours, he passes into the first line of the reserve. Here he has only to do duty for twenty days in the year, but he may be called out at any time in case of need. After four years, he passes into the second line of the reserve, which can only be called out in case of war with any Foreign Power. In this branch of the army he serves for five years, together with the men who drew lucky numbers or managed to purchase

their freedom, practically a free man.

The infantry soldier wears a helmet of black leather, something like that worn in the German army. The colour of his uniform is dark brown; his tunic and jacket resembling those worn by English soldiers, and his trousers being like those worn by the French. The great coat is the same in all arms, and is a large dark grey cloak. Three years ago the Snider-Enfield was abolished in the Portuguese army and the Kropatchek magazine rifle introduced in its place. The magazine of this weapon contains nine cartridges, and twelve shots a minute can be fired, the range being about one mile and a quarter. Each soldier is provided with 210 rounds, eighty of which he carries, the rest being brought on in the baggage waggons.

The uniform of the cavalry is dark blue; some of the regiments wear boots and others only black gaiters and shoes. Each cavalry regiment consists of four squadrons, and each squadron numbers 131 men on a war footing.

The uniform of the artillery is also dark blue. Their guns are breech-loading steel Krupps, of eight and nine centimetres. Each regiment of artillery consists of twelve batteries, and of these ten batteries are on service, while the other two form the dépôt. There is a captain, a lieutenant, and a sub-lieutenant for each battery.

The Portuguese soldier is a small, swarthy man, wiry, and an excellent marcher. His food consists chiefly of bean soup and black bread, with an allowance of the rough Cascaes wine, and his life with the colours is a very hard one. In spite of this he is a civil and cheerful little being, and never quite merges the peasant in the soldier.

The pay in all ranks of the Portuguese army is absurdly small. A full general only gets 625*l.* a year, and a brigadier 425*l.* An artillery colonel draws 250*l.* a year, and a colonel of infantry 150*l.* Lieutenants in the artillery and infantry receive 114*l.* and 88*l.* respectively. As for the private soldiers, their pay is next to nothing.

The Portuguese army was entirely reorganised in 1887, after the model of the armies of the great Continental Empires, but it differs from them in having also a long-service army for the colonies in addition to its national army. The army on a war footing is calculated at 120,000 men, with a very indifferent knowledge of drill and the handling of their new weapons. There is also the second line of the reserve, which can only be called out in the event of a war with a Foreign Power. This force is reckoned at 130,000 men, but at best it is only an armed mob without discipline, or knowledge of its weapons. The Portuguese would probably find it difficult to put 50,000 men into the field in a fit state to meet a hostile army.

"THE COMPLEAT GAMESTER"

"LOT 231. 'Télémaque,' 2 vols., and five others. Come, gentlemen! put it in for me. Half-a-crown? Three shillings—three and sixpence—four shillings. Can't waste time on these small lots. Four and sixpence. Any more?—(rap). Cash." And for four shillings and sixpence, about half the cost of the binding, I become the proud possessor of "Télémaque," 2 vols., and five others. The immortal work of the worthy Bishop and four of the others I sell to one of the bidders in the auction room for two and sixpence, but the remaining volume I keep for myself. It is "The Compleat Gamester," the fifth edition, 1725, an unpretending little book, with a curious frontispiece, and a poetical explanation of the same, and is, as the catalogues have it, "rare in this state." When I have given it a new suit of morocco it will be worth thirty shillings some day to my executors or administrators, if they know how to dispose of it. Certainly it is well named, for it contains "Full and easy instructions for playing at above twenty games on the cards, with variety of diverting fancies and tricks on the same, as also all the Games on the Tables, together with the Royal Game of Chess and Billiards. To which is added The Gentleman's Diversion in the Arts and Mysteries of Cockfighting, Riding, Racing, Bowling, and Archery." A pretty comprehensive list truly! It must be confessed that a young man who was a proficient in all these diversions would be a very "Compleat Gamester" indeed. In the days of James II. it was much more necessary than nowadays for a man of the world to know all about cards. The long evenings spent in dark wainscotted rooms, lighted only with dim candles, with few books and fewer newspapers, would have been very dull but for these fascinating tempters. Men and women alike yielded to their influence, and the number of editions my little book went through are a proof of its popularity. Of the twenty-three card games that the anonymous author describes, the only ones now generally played are cribbage and piquet, though a few others, such as brag and all-fours, still linger in out-of-the-way country places. We are indeed treated to an account of whist, but whist, as our author knew it, was a very different business from the scientific game played at the "Turf" and the "Travellers" in the year of grace 1890. One remark at least will apply equally to the ancient and modern game. "He that can over-look by craft his adversary's hand hath a great advantage, for by that means he may partly know what to play securely, or if he can have some petty glimpse of the partner's cards." Why certainly he hath a great advantage, unless his adversary should happen to catch him at it, in which case the advantage might not be so manifest. A terrible example, given with due solemnity, is related in the treatise on the "pleasant and ingenious game of Bragg"—the ancestor of the

poker of to-day—of the evil effects of even a hystander getting a "petty glimpse" of the hand of a player.

"Some gentlemen and ladies were casually one evening playing at this game, when one of the gamesters had induced his adversary to believe that he intended to out-bounce him on very low and insignificant cards." He had, however, about as good a hand as possible, but "he kept his countenance demure, and with a gesture neither over-joyed nor desponding, made a Bragg of half-a-crown. The other, thinking himself secure as possible, answers with a crown, and so they went on till the stake amounted to seven pounds, when, as ill-fate for one of them would have it, a too curious impertinent of the female sort, who sat next to him that had the aces, having a furious itch upon her to know whether his repeated Bragg was on a sure foundation, could not forbear covertly peeping into his hand, and at the view was so surprised, that on a sudden she gave a violent shriek, and by that indiscreet and rash noise gave the gamester with the kings warning of his unavoidable loss, giving him reason to cease his Bragg, and hinder the other winning the further intended stakes, which he declared he designed to raise till it came to a hundred pounds."

Readers of "The Fortunes of Nigel" must often have wondered what was the mode of playing the complicated game of Glee, and how it came to pass that Lord Dalgarno could get off paying his losses by the assertion that they played without "Tiddy." It is a proof of Sir Walter Scott's varied knowledge that he should have thought of this characteristic touch. "Tiddy," it appears, was the four of trumps, and counted for four, but we are bidden to "note that before the cards are dealt it is necessary to demand whether the gamesters will play at Tiddy or leave it out, it being a card that is apt to be forgotten." Perhaps it was Dalgarno who set the fashion of forgetting it. It would have been just like him.

Let us see what were the facilities for ruining himself enjoyed by the fast young man of two hundred years ago. The time of clubs was not yet, but in the ordinary he found a very good substitute. An ordinary was a handsome house, where every day about the hour of noon a good dinner was prepared for all comers—a *table d'hôte*, as we should now call it—and was the usual resort of men of fashion, and those who preyed on them. "The best wheat will have tares growing among it. Rooks and daws will sometimes [sometimes, indeed!] be in the company of pigeons; nor can gentlemen nowadays so seclude themselves from the society of such as are pretendedly so, being much of the same colour and feather, and by the eye undistinguishable, but that they sometimes mix company." The gentlemen indeed came to little harm so long as the light lasted, but as soon as evening fell in came "the Rooks," "walking about from one table to another till they can discover some inexperienced young gentleman, cashier, or apprentice: these they call 'Lambs' or 'Colts.' Then do the 'Rooks' (more properly called 'Wolves') strive who shall fasten on him first, and at length worry him, that is, get all his money, and then the Rooks (rogues, I should have said) laugh and grin, saying 'The Lamb is bitten.'" My Compleat Gamester, whose knowledge of his subject, like Sam Weller's acquaintance with London, was extensive and peculiar, goes at great length into the devices employed by these rascals to entrap their prey, and it is curious to note how little the race either of "rooks" or "pigeons" has changed since his time, for in this very year "as ever is," the self-same tricks are practised on the conceited undergraduate and the raw subaltern as led to ruin the inexperienced cashiers and apprentices of 1689. Surely, the direct ancestor of the modern bully of the racecourse was the man who would "Snatch up the stakes, and thereupon instantly draw, saying, 'If you will have your money you must fight for it, for he is a gentleman, and will not want.'" The "welshe" of to-day, indeed, lays no claim to gentility, nor fortunately is he able to draw a sword, so that the greenhorn of modern times has nothing worse to fear than the loss of his money, and perhaps a black eye if he complains too loudly. But when every man wore a sword and dagger, and knew how to use them, a gamester might easily lose his character, his money, and his life all in the same evening. "Every night almost some one or other who, either heated with Wine, or made Cholerick by the loss of his Money, raises a Quarrel. Swords are drawn, Box and Candlesticks are hurled at one Another's Head, Tables overthrown, and All the house in such a Garboyle ['Garboyle' is good] that it is the perfect Type of Hell. Happy is now the Man that can make the Frame of a Table or Chimney Corner his Sanctuary; and if any are so fortunate as to get to the Stair head they will rather hazard the breaking of their Necks than have their Souls pushed out of their Bodies by they know not whom."

The author is deeply sensible of the folly of gambling, and adds to his wise saws many modern instances of gentlemen who have been ruined by it. With a reticence that might well be imitated by certain writers in existing newspapers, he designates these unfortunates only by their initials, though it must be confessed that it could not have been difficult to recognise "the E. of O—," a Person of Quality," through his transparent disguise. One example might well have been left out as tending to encourage gamblers by showing that a game is never lost till it has been won. "Twelve hundred Pounds a year in Berkshire was played for at Bowls in an afternoon. And when the moiety was lost, the other half ventur'd on a Single Game was given up for gone, and most surprisingly recovered by a Bowl thrown away in Despair." It is to be hoped the lucky caster was satisfied with his good fortune, and tempted the fickle goddess no more.

Our Compleat Gamester, if he ever revisits the glimpses of the moon, and peeps through the windows of clubs and hotels, must be puzzled to recognise "The Genteel, Cleanly, and Ingenious Game of Billiards," as played by the subjects of Queen Victoria. He used to play it with an ivory "port," something like a *croquet*-hoop at one end of the table, and an ivory king at the other, and his object was to pocket his opponent's ball (which counted one to the striker), to pass through the port, and to touch the king. If he succeeded in this, he scored one, unless the king was knocked down, in which case he lost one. The table on which he played must have been a very difficult one, and he was not allowed to touch it with his left hand while striking, so we are not surprised to find that the game was five up, or by candlelight, three. It is easy to conceive that a man might play a long time at such a combination of *croquet* and skittle-pool—especially by candlelight—heaven help him!—without reaching even that modest total. In the frontispiece the players, in their nightshirts apparently, are striking simultaneously, so the game must have had a flavour of hockey about it which would add to the excitement, if not to the accuracy of the play. He commends the game highly, for that "since recreation is a thing lawful in itself, if not abused, this is the most genteel and innocent of any I know if rightly used, there being none of those cheats to be used at this, as at other games." But the trail of the serpent was already to be seen on the harmless billiard-table, and it was beginning to win that bad name which it has hardly yet lost. "I believe this pastime is not so much used of late among us by reason of those spunging caterpillars which swarm where any billiard-table is set up, who make that room their shop, kitchen, and dormitory: their shop, for this is where they wait for ignorant cullies to be their customers; their kitchen, for from hence comes the major part of their provant, drinking and smoking being their common sustenance; and, when they can persuade no more persons to play at the table, they make it their dormitory, and sleep under it."

It is difficult to avoid the reflection that so much experience could not have been cheaply bought, and that our "Compleat Gamester" might have added "*crede experto*" to his words.

"Certainly Hazzard is the most bewitching game that is play'd: for when a man begins he knows not when to leave off." We seem to hear a sigh in the moral reflection, "Happy is he that, having been inclined to this time-spending, money-wasting game, hath took up in time, and resolv'd for the future never to be concern'd in it more; but more happy is he that hath never heard the name thereof."

Substitute the word betting for "Hazzard"—and from street-corners and public-houses; from Australian stock-riders' huts and Mexican ranches; from the Bankruptcy Court, the prison, and the hospital; from the workhouse and the suicide's chamber—nay, from the condemned cell itself—echo the words: "Happy is he that hath never heard the name thereof." H. B. F. K.

A STEAM LAUNCH ON SYDNEY HARBOUR

THERE is no pleasanter month in New South Wales than September, which, as Henry Kendall sings:—

Comes in with a wind in the west,
And the spring in her raiment.

On a glorious morning in this lovely month a small party of us embarked in a little steam launch from the Circular Quay at Sydney. It was a public holiday, and was being kept, in one fashion or another, with that unanimity which characterises the observance of all gala days in Australia.

The giver of our little fête held a high official position in the city, and our steam yacht was one of the Government launches. The day was warm, but not too warm, and the sun shone brightly.

We shot out from among the crowd of boats that thronged the quay, and in a few minutes were in mid-harbour. Past Fort Macquarie, past Fort Denison and Garden Island we sped, churning the smooth waters of the harbour, which were hardly as yet broken by a ripple. How the shores have changed since I first knew this beautiful harbour! Spots which twenty years ago were literally forest primeval are now covered with handsome villas and luxuriant gardens which slope to the water's edge in smooth terraces and emerald lawns. Every headland is now dominated and bastioned with fortifications, and threatening-looking cannon peer at you from every rocky height and vantage point. The harbour itself was alive with craft of every description, from the big ferry steamers that were transporting crowds of holiday-seekers to Chowder Bay, Watson's Bay, and Manly Beach, down to the wicker boats lightly skimming the surface of the water.

Our own destination was Middle Harbour, which is the largest tributary inlet of Sydney Harbour. It almost faces you as you enter the main harbour by the Heads, and stretches far inland with many a crescent bay and lovely reach of water, now uncoiling itself in broad reaches and long vistas of blue sea and glittering beach, now contracting till your vessel seems floating through a chain of small inland lakes.

Everybody to-day was in good spirits. Men and women, we counted nearly twenty. The men were of all professions. We had a judge and a barrister, a Parliamentary leader, and an editor. All of us had cares and worries—the ladies, too, I make no doubt, but on a day like this, and with an *entourage* so bright and exhilarating, care dropped lightly from our shoulders, and we thought only of the moment. Up Middle Harbour we sped, to the accompaniment of a little ripple of talk and laughter, past Balmoral, past Clontarf, past the narrow water-passage of the "Spit." Our plan was to run as far up the harbour as we possibly could, and so light in draught was our vessel, that we were able to penetrate very nearly to the head of the inlet, where the brown-green reeds grow tall and rank in the shadows.

Selecting a likely-looking spot for our mid-day bivouac, we ran the nose of the steam-launch right up to the rocky bank, and by the help of nothing more elaborate than a plank stretched from the bulwark to the rock, the ladies got ashore quickly and easily, the men and the hampers immediately following.

It was now past mid-day, and the sun was hot enough to drive us into the shade for luncheon purposes. Shade is usually a desideratum at Sydney picnics, for the trees on the banks of the harbours are chiefly of the *eucalyptus* tribe, and by no means as shadowy as *Vallombrosa*. Still, it is always possible to find somewhere a cool and protected spot beneath some rock or clump of gums, and such a camping-ground we on this occasion had little difficulty in finding. Our cloth was spread on the grass itself, and our lunch was conducted altogether in the old-fashioned picnic style—rocks and grassy mounds for seats, the bay itself our wine-cooler, and every man for the nonce a waiter. And so our little *al fresco* fête went merrily from the start. The barrister forgot vexatious briefs, the politician the gentle amenities of parliamentary debate and the "stone-walling" of a rancorous Opposition, the editor forgot the fact that he would have to be back in Hunter Street in an hour or two to write or supervise three leaders before midnight, the ladies forgot that *bête noir* of Australian society—the servants.

After lunch we sat a while, continuing our talk and watching the play of light and shadow across the still little bay beneath us. No other picnicking party was within sight, for the large steamers cannot penetrate beyond the Spit, and even smaller craft usually disembark their freight lower down Middle Harbour. Here and there a tiny triangle of white sail dotted the blue bay, while one or two rowing boats passed backwards or forwards, up or down. Soft, warm light steeped all the scene in a golden haze. It seemed, indeed, a land where it was always afternoon.

Before embarking once more, some of the party made a short excursion inland in search of wild flowers. This side of the harbour, being still in an unreclaimed condition, is rich in wild flowers. September, in New South Wales, is the month of all others in which the forest clothes itself in its vernal robe of yellow and crimson. Our party came back with their hands loaded with woodland spoil—drooping sprays of the glorious yellow wattle, and several other species of the same genus of a softer, creamier colour; branches of the beautiful crimson native fuchsia, and large fronds of the delicate white clematis.

And now our little steamer was again shooting over the blue water, her prow turned down harbour. When we reached the main harbour, we found that a crisp breeze had sprung up since the morning, and that the "white caps" were everywhere ruffling the surface of the water, which was now of a much deeper and opaque blue than earlier in the day.

The water was more crowded than ever with craft. For it was a field day with the two steam yacht clubs—the Royal Sydney and the Royal Albert. The former had turned out in full strength, and the squadron of yachts now stood up the harbour in line as regular as a line of battle-ships, each yacht "laying her cheek" to the wind as steady as a frigate, and as graceful as a swan.

We now made swiftly citywards, skirting the northern shores. Past George's Head, past Bradley's Head, past Mossman's, Laverder, and Neutral Bay, past the little villages on the Lane Cove shore, Greenwich and Woolwich, pleasant riparian suburbs, bearing but small resemblance to their English prototypes. Then we entered the Lane Cove river itself, which is not a river at all, but merely one other of the many arms of the main harbour. The head of Lane Cove is one of the loveliest bits in all the harbour. Those of my readers who know the head of Loch Katrine, or the links of the Rhine about Bingen, may form some idea of its beauty. It twists and coils like a silver snake, its banks are picturesque

with broken rock and foliage, dropping close upon the water's marge, and the water itself is usually as smooth as crystal and more translucent. We skirted one shore of Lane Cove and down the other, then we ran along by the mouth of the Parramatta river, and so once more headed down the harbour for our starting point. The sun was now stooping behind the low-wooded hills to the west, the surface of the water was shimmering in crimson and gold, ruby and amethyst. The tall, slim spires of the city were silhouetted against the fading sky, purple, but outlined with gold, and the dying glory of the sun was transfiguring earth, sea, and sky as by the touch of enchantment. As we landed once more at the Circular Quay, we met the full tide of returning holiday-makers. The throng was great, but characterised by that orderliness and decorum which usually mark an Australian city *en fête*. A *fracas*, or disturbance of anything like serious dimensions, is an extremely rare thing on an Australian holiday, notwithstanding the circumstance that the "larrikin" element is a felt force in Australian society. When an Australian city decides upon keeping festival, the general sense of order and the general good temper are nearly always strong enough to hold in check any opposing and disturbing influence. R. R.

TOASTS AND TOASTING

PROBABLY every one is familiar with the story told by that prince of romantic historians, gossiping old Geoffrey of Monmouth, of the famous toast drunk when Hengist and Horsa came to England at the invitation of Vortigern, to help that unfortunate monarch to withstand the inroads of the Picts and Scots.

Of course the story may or may not be true, though, if the modern system of rejecting everything in history which borders upon the romantic be the correct one, we should probably be safe in condemning it forthwith as legendary. But, fact or fiction, it at least points to, and illustrates, the antiquity of health-drinking in our land.

It was Rowena, it will be remembered, who proffered the toast to Vortigern, and the story tells us that he had to consult the interpreter as to a fitting response. We should hardly be justified in concluding from this fact, however, that toasting was brought into England by the invaders.

On the contrary, everything tends to show that the custom existed here before their time, and that the British chieftain must have been fully aware of the meaning of the maiden's action, though he was unable to understand her speech. But the newcomers had doubtless something to do with giving to health-drinking its great hold upon all classes of the people. The proverbial failing of the Anglo-Saxons was drunkenness, and from their forest-home in Northern Germany, where they had spent their time in fighting, sleeping, and feasting, they brought with them a fondness for the flowing bowl, which by no means diminished with their change of abode. Hence the popular theory, which connects this and many other drinking usages directly with our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, probably contains a large proportion of truth.

Throughout the whole of the Middle Ages, and far beyond the time when we enter upon the confines of modern history, health-drinking retained its popularity. All kinds of changes took place in government and society; the English people slowly emerged out of ignorance and barbarism; letters revived; the Reformation came, shaking Europe from end to end; but our countrymen still exhibited their old partiality for the flagon, and still clung tenaciously to the customs by which their daily potations had long been surrounded. "Men might come, and men might go," but like the Laureate's Brook, these "went on for ever."

When therefore, in later years, the Puritans arose to make their historic protest against the abuses which had grown up in Church, and Society, and State, they found toasting at the apex of its popularity, and seized upon it as a habit particularly ripe for attack. A good deal of Puritan literature deals stately or incidentally with what was described as "the great evil of health-drinking."

The practice of toasting, as then popularly followed, differed in no small degree from that common at our public dinners to-day. This is clearly shown in the following extract taken (and modified as to orthography) from a curious little volume published in 1623, and therefore yielding contemporary evidence concerning the subject in hand. "He," says the writer, "who begins the health, first uncovering the head, takes a full cup in his hand, and, setting his countenance with a grave aspect, he craves for audience. Silence being once obtained, he begins to breathe out the name, peradventure of some honourable personage, whose health is drunk to, and he that pledges (that is, he who accepts the toast) must likewise off with his cap [it will be seen that hats were then worn at the table], kiss his fingers, and bow himself in sign of reverent acceptance. . . . The cup being then replenished to the breadth of acceptance. . . . The pledger must now begin his part, and thus it goes round throughout the whole company,"—with a result which need hardly be described. These rules were followed with the greatest exactitude and solemnity; and when a person had drunk he was supposed to turn "the bottom of his cup upward," so that every one at the table might be convinced by "ocular demonstration" that he had consumed his proper quantity. Did any remain, he had to pour it out upon his nail, and if there were more than he would stay there as a single drop, he was made to fill and drink a full cup again. This is what in the dog-Latin of the day was called drinking "super nagulam."

About the same period the custom of drinking the healths of absent individuals came greatly into vogue, and led to wild extravagance, especially on the Continent. There the person toasted was, as a rule, the drinker's mistress, and the order of the table was as, as a rule, the drinker's mistress, and the order of the table was as there that he should consume as many glasses in her honour as there were letters in her name. This meant pretty heavy drinking when were letters in her name. This meant pretty heavy drinking when the name was a long one—as in the case of the poet Ronsard, who had to imbibe "neuf fois au nom de Cassandre." In our own had to imbibe "neuf fois au nom de Cassandre." In our own country, another extraordinary freak common among gallants, and referred to by several of our early dramatists, was that of stabbing the arm and mingling the blood drawn with the draught in which the arm's name was honoured. An amusing passage from some "Mémoires d'Angleterre," published in 1693, gives us a further insight into some of the toasting fashions of the time. It would appear from this "that the person to whose health another drinks" was supposed to "remain as inactive as a statue" during the act of taking something from a dish, he must suddenly stop, the act of taking something from a dish, he must suddenly stop, return his fork or spoon to its place, and wait without stirring more than a stone, until the other has drunk. Nothing appears so droll, adds the author, who appears to have fully entered into the humour of the situation, "as to see a man who is in the act of chewing a morsel which he has in his mouth, of cutting his bread, or wiping his mouth, or of doing anything else, who suddenly takes a serious air when a person of some respectability drinks to his health, looks fixedly at this person, and becomes as motionless as if a universal paralysis had seized him, or he had been struck by a thunderbolt." From this strange practice seems to have been derived the custom, so common during the last century, for people to take wine with one another at table.

There can be no question that this wide-spread mania for "healthing," as it was called, had a very serious influence for evil upon the habits of the people during the whole of the seventeenth century. In France, Louis XIV., becoming aware of its effects, abolished it at his Court, and in England a veritable crusade was

preached against it, which was joined not only by the professed Puritans themselves, but also by many of the wiser men of the opposite party. Their efforts, however, met with very little success. The loyalty exhibited towards the person of the "Merry Monarch" was shown in such frequent drinking to his health that many scandals arose in consequence, and even Charles was driven to issue a Royal Proclamation having reference to the matter. It was not, indeed, until the early years of the present century, when a gradual change began to pass over society, and men began to aim at purer and more refined modes of life, that the power of this deep-rooted custom was to some extent undermined. In these days, a man does not pride himself upon the number of bottles he is able to drink at a sitting, nor does he, as a rule, forewarn his servant to appear at a stated hour upon the scene to convey him to the home which, otherwise, he would be powerless to reach in safety. These things happily have been left behind us, and health-drinking has suffered in consequence. Indeed, the practice, once so full of significance, is at the present moment nothing but the ghost of its former self. The outward form is indeed retained to some extent, but toasting at our public dinners is scarcely more now than an excuse for a certain number of tedious disquisitions on things in general—disquisitions which frequently enough have about as much to do with the health proposed, as the contents of one of Mr. Ruskin's books have to do with its title. W. H. H.



MESSRS. WILLCOCKS AND CO.—A tenor of medium compass will find "By the River," composed by Frank T. Lowden, very suitable for the boating season.—Lord Byron's sweet love poem, "She Walks in Beauty," has been set to indifferent music by Arnold Olding, who has been more successful in his setting of "a barrack song," "Officers Out to Parade," founded on the bugle call and its verbal interpretation, well known in the army and to the inhabitants of garrison towns.—By the above composer is "King Christmas," song and chorus; words by Fred. W. Broughton; this song should have been published at least three months ago, it would then have scored a success.—A capital song for a seaside or East End concert is "Sons of the Sea," written and composed by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone and Odoardo Barri.—A new version of "My Sweetheart," containing the music sung by Miss Minnie Palmer, has been published by this firm.—A very amusing comic song is "Catchy, Catchy Kiss," the quaint love ditty from *Lancelot the Lovely*, words and music by "A Friend."—Three humorous songs arranged for the banjo by Edmund Foreman, are "The Nice Old Maid," "How Paddy Stole the Rope," and "Full Inside," the last being the funniest of the group.—Four pieces of more than ordinary merit for the pianoforte, by Louis Gregh, are "Passacalle," "Episode de la Fête des Vignerons" (Souvenir de Vevey), "Joyeuse Aubade," and "Quétude" (3me Romance, sans paroles). These pieces are arranged both as solos and duets.—Somewhat out of the common groove is the "Clarence Gavotte," composed for the pianoforte by S. Lehmyer.—The same cannot be said of "Gavotte Antique," by Emily W. Hunter, the like of which we have heard many times before; nor of a "Valse de Salon," by Frances, Lady Dalrymple. From both of these last-named ladies better work may be looked for in the future.—"Blumenklage" ("The Flowers' Lament") is a graceful piece for the pianoforte, by Gustav Lange.—Two taking pianoforte pieces, which will be welcome in the drawing-room, are: "Serena" (A May Day Idyl), and "Noralie" ("La Petite Princesse"), by G. F. Blackburne.—Of the same useful and pleasing type as the above, are "Danse Gracieuse," by Theo. Bonheur, and "Souvenir," by John North.

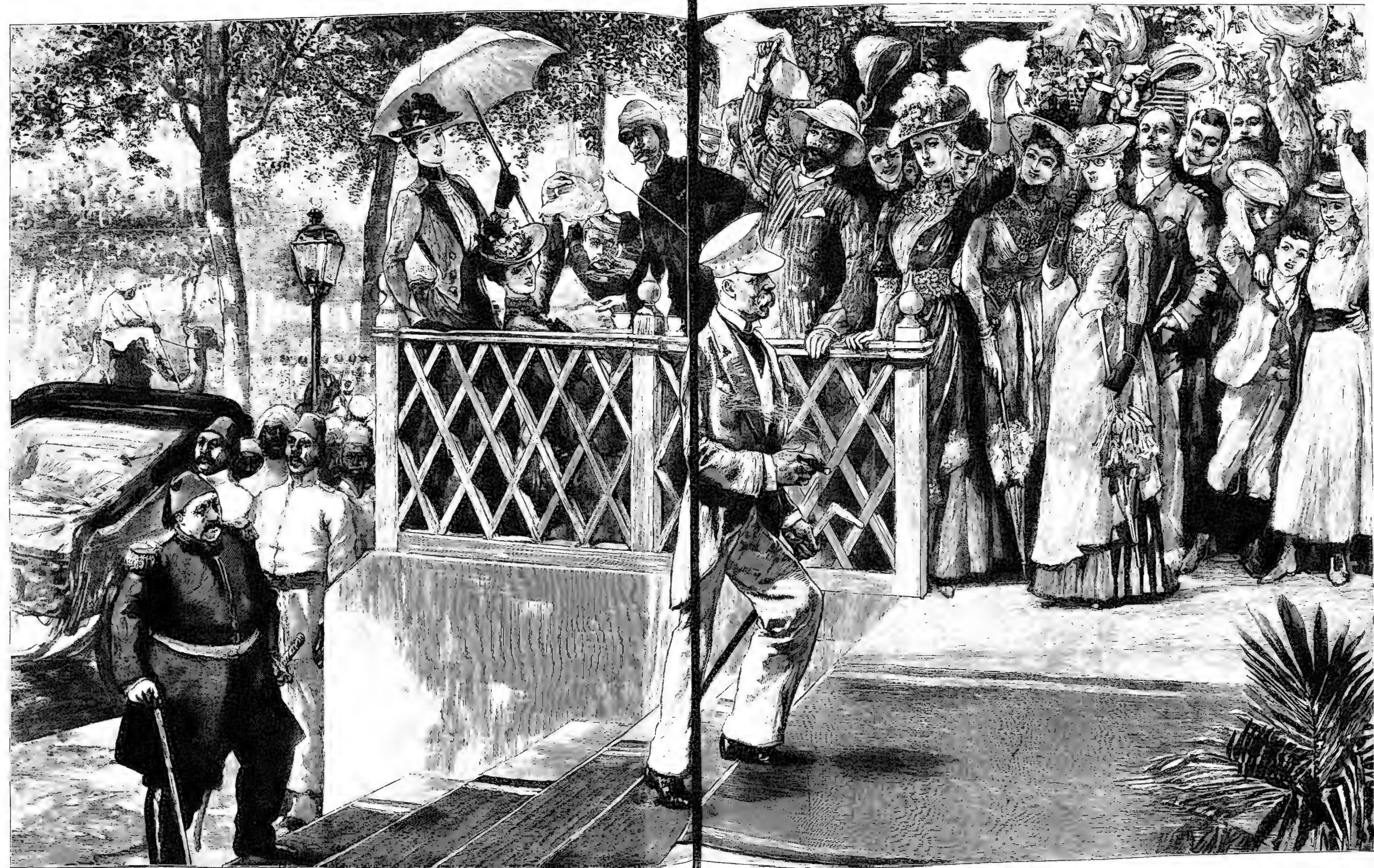
MESSRS. REID BROTHERS.—Again comes a pretty children's operetta, "Little Parlez-Vous." Young folks will greatly enjoy the lively music and the funny libretto, which is written for the praiseworthy purpose of teaching them the rudiments of French grammar unawares, if we may so express it. We doubt much the success of the experiment. The idea is ingenious, and the music will catch the dullest ear.—"Seven Songs," music by Fred Wishaw, are of unequal merit. Prettiest of the group are "Baby," words by George Macdonald; and "Always."—H. De Windt has composed the music for two satisfactory songs, "In the Far Away," for which he has written the semi-sacred words; and "Faded Leaves," words by Adelaide Procter.—There is sound, healthy sentiment in a nautical song, "True as the Compass," written and composed by F. E. Weatherly and Godfrey Marks.—No. 10 of Reid Brothers' Museum of Violin and Piano Duets is "Liebeslied," by G. P. Haddock; an unpretentious composition.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS.—Longfellow's dramatic ballad "The Phantom Ship" has been set to music for chorus and orchestra by J. Charles B. Tirbutt, Mus. Bac., who has executed his task with excellent effect. This choral ballad will prove useful for the first part of a concert. The arrangement before us is with pianoforte accompaniment.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Three songs, composed by Isidore de Solia, which have taken a good place in musical society, are "Fill the Goblet Again," the celebrated drinking song, written by Lord Byron; "I Saw Thee Weep," also by Lord Byron; and "Sometimes Think of Me," written by Geo. Ralph Walker (Messrs. Cramer and Co.).

A REGULAR CORSICAN VENDETTA has been carried on for many years past in Kentucky between two families, who mutually considered it a sacred duty to slay each other when opportunity offered. At last, however, a son of the Tollivers fell in love with a daughter of the Martins, so the families decided to make peace and allow the marriage. Every member of the respective families came armed to the wedding, however, and as no clergyman was willing to venture among such a lawless lot, a neighbouring magistrate performed the ceremony, grasping a revolver in his hand meanwhile to protect himself. The bridegroom was obliged to hold his hands up throughout to show he did not intend pulling out any weapon, and in order to allow him to put on the ring without lowering his hands the bride stood upon a chair. A floral revolver also replaced the usual marriage bell over the happy couple's heads.

THE INJURY TO THE NATIONAL FORESTS IN THE UNITED STATES once again awakens much anxiety, and the Forestry Congress have memorialised President Harrison on the subject. Thieves and fires annually destroy over a million's worth of property in the forests, to say nothing of the permanent damage to the water-supply by deforesting many regions. In six years more than seven millions' worth of lumber has been stolen, and even more lost to the State by wilful waste, ignorance, and neglect of management. The grand Yellowstone Park region especially suffers through the depredations of the wandering Indians, who will fire the trees all along a mountain-side to drive out the game. This mischievous practice also threatens to exterminate the game. The Yellowstone region is a vast storage reservoir whose head-waters feed some of the most important American rivers, so the destruction of its forests will flood and denude the mountains of soil, the water will not be held in the ground as at present, and sudden floods will follow, ending in destructive droughts.



MR. STANLEY'S ARRIVAL AT CAIRO—ENTERING SHEPHERD'S HOTEL AFTER HAVING VISITED THE KHEDIVE

The agitation in PORTUGAL against England has subsided so far as outward manifestations are concerned. But popular feeling remains as bitter as ever, and any unpatriotic individual who dares to continue commercial intercourse with the English is denounced as a traitor to his country. Indeed, a black list is promised of all such offending firms, so that the boycott spreads in all directions, many merchants being terrorised into joining. This boycott has its ludicrous side, as, for instance, when the Lisbon actresses form a Vigilance Committee to detect any British spectator in the theatre, and turn him out forthwith. Still, notwithstanding their patriotism, the Portuguese already feel the evils of the exclusion policy, which threatens to damage their industrial position very seriously. Much of the continued ill-feeling is kept alive by the zeal of the Press against the British "pirates"—the favourite term for the English just now, which was freely used at an enthusiastic public meeting held on behalf of National Defence. A Committee of influential nobles, clergy, and merchants was then formed to collect money for purchasing war material. Meanwhile the Government have quietly prevented any further street parades and demonstrations, being anxious to fulfil the promises made to Great Britain. Moreover, at Mozambique the local authorities seem to be carrying out in earnest the pacific instructions from home, now that the Governor has been removed. It is a further proof of Portuguese good intentions that Major Serpa Pinto has been sent on a Government Mission to West Africa, instead of returning to Lisbon, where his presence would have added fuel to the popular flame. The recent anxiety has exposed King Carlos to a relapse from his attack of influenza, and he is now suffering from dengue fever. Happily, the Republicans are much quieter, and join the Conservatives in condemning the proposals of an Iberian union made by SPAIN. The Spanish Republicans, however, are bent on the scheme, and interpellated the Government in its favour on Monday, receiving an evasive reply from the Foreign Minister that, as equally friendly with Portugal and Great Britain, Spain could not sympathise ostentatiously with either Power in particular. The Universal Suffrage Bill is passing through the Cortes with less opposition than anticipated. Little King Alfonso is well enough to go out, and a Thanksgiving Service has been held for his recovery.

The influenza epidemic in Europe at present spends its chief energy on ITALY, though, happily, in a mild form. Half Rome has been prostrate, notably the higher clergy, and the malady has extended from Turin to Sicily. It is much better in AUSTRIA and in GERMANY, after costing the life of Baron zu Franckenstein, and both Viennese and Berlin doctors are busy lecturing on the disease and seeking its origin. They agree that influenza is succeeded by serious ear and eye affections, besides fatal lung disorders, but are divided on the causes of the epidemic. In BELGIUM the Queen has suffered severely, but is now better; while in FRANCE, DENMARK, HOLLAND, and GREECE the epidemic wanes steadily. GIBRALTAR has been attacked mildly, but across the Mediterranean TUNIS is badly affected; and on the American continent the disease rages both in MEXICO and CANADA. Scarcely one place has escaped between Quebec and the Rocky Mountains; schools are shut, and the death-rate is high through diseases of the respiratory organs following the influenza. Lady Stanley, wife of the Governor-General, is amongst the sufferers. PERSIA is also affected.

GERMANY has been keeping her Emperor's thirty-first birthday with much loyalty. Although the intended gathering of Royal visitors was deferred to next month, Court mourning was laid aside for the day, which was kept as a public holiday. The Imperial Family went early to congratulate the Emperor, who was present at a lunch given by the Empress Frederick, held a Birthday Court of the chief military and civil dignitaries, and presided over a family dinner at the Schloss. Prince Bismarck and other officials gave banquets in his honour, while the journals teemed with eulogies of Emperor William's talents as a ruler and statesman. This praise was heightened by the favourable impression made by the Emperor's speech when closing the Reichstag on Saturday. As this was the last Triennial Parliament, the Emperor invited the Deputies to meet him in the Schloss for the closing ceremony, and warmly thanked them for their patriotism. He dwelt especially on the importance of the measures passed to improve the condition of the working-classes, such as the accident insurance laws, and the provision for the aged, though, he added, further improvement must be considered by the next Reichstag. To the general surprise, not a word was said about the Government Socialist Bill which the Reichstag had rejected a few hours before on the third reading, after having passed the second reading by a considerable majority. This sudden turn of the tables was due to the Conservatives, who, apparently receiving a Government hint that the measure was worthless in its mutilated form, voted with the Opposition against the Bill. Parliament had steadfastly refused to sanction the expulsion clause—which the Government considered the most salient point—and it was, therefore, preferred in official quarters to incur the failure of the present measure, so as to present it afresh to a new Parliament, which may prove more accommodating. The interest of the debate, however, lay hardly so much in the fate of the Bill as in the bold declarations of Prince Carolath, who, though a staunch supporter of the Government, condemned in most uncompromising style their methods of crushing Socialism. As great German nobles keep themselves rigidly apart from Liberal ideas, such sentiments produced considerable sensation. The Socialist question will be the chief war-cry of the electoral campaign, now in full force, as the elections take place on the 20th inst. Socialist doctrines, too, have strengthened the miners on strike in their exorbitant demands, which the masters still refuse.

Now that FRANCE is tranquil both in domestic and foreign affairs, the crusade against the Jews, which M. Edouard Drumont has lately set on foot, attracts increased public interest. M. Drumont attacks the Jews for their skill in acquiring wealth at the expense of the Christians, especially the Rothschilds, and would drive them from the country, while by being interwoven with the Boulangist movement, this anti-Semitic agitation acquires the zest of political excitement. General Boulanger himself condemns the agitation—threatening to issue a manifesto if his followers do not withdraw their support—but his party is divided, for MM. Laur and Déroulède are fanatical Jew-baiters, in opposition to M. Naquet and other prominent Boulangists. All the party, however, buried their differences at a grand banquet on Monday, to celebrate the anniversary of General Boulanger's election for the Seine. This was the height of the Boulangist success, which has declined ever since—another champion being defeated at the bye-election for Lorient last Sunday. Much comment has been made on the coincidence that all the Pretenders have retired temporarily from the fray, leaving the Republic a fair field. General Boulanger has been laid up, at Jersey, from knocking his head against a chandelier; the Comte de Paris has gone on a trip to Cuba and the United States; and Prince Napoleon and his son are worse friends than ever, in spite of the attempts at reconcilia-

tion at the Duke of Aosta's funeral. At this funeral, by the by, King Humbert paid especial honour to the French representative, and the relations between the two countries have improved in consequence. Beyond a grant for augmenting the soldiers' bedding, the Chamber has been occupied chiefly with choosing the important Committee to consider the Customs Tariff, of whom thirty-nine members out of fifty-five are Protectionists, notwithstanding M. Léon Say's eloquent speech in favour of Free Trade. The attempted union of the Conservative party is not very successful. PARIS is absorbed in a sensational murder case. Last summer a sheriff's officer, named Gouffé, disappeared, and his body was found some time after near Lyons. Now, a certain Gabrielle Bompard has given herself up to the police to confess that her lover, Eyraud, committed the murder for the sake of Gouffé's money, and that she and Eyraud escaped to America, where the latter is still in hiding. Mdlle. Bompard has already given four different versions of the murder. The Exhibition Lottery is being drawn this week, and theatrical circles are delighted with *Cendrillon* te, by MM. Ferrier, Serpette, and Roger, at the Bouffes-Parisiens—a merry modern operatic version of the old fairy tale.

In EASTERN AFFAIRS the prospect of an understanding between FRANCE and EGYPT on the Conversion question is decidedly more satisfactory. France has given way on several points, and now simply requires the formation of a reserve fund for the army and police—a proposal which will be met probably by a compromise. Meanwhile Egypt rejoices in a Budget surplus of 196,000*l.*, notwithstanding a bad Nile and the expenses of the Expedition against the Dervishes. Finance is also prominent in BULGARIA, whose Government have sent a Note to the Porte exonerating themselves from the Russian charge of infringing the Berlin Treaty by their recent loan. Again, ROUMANIA wants money for additional fortifications and troops, finding it necessary to be better armed in view of the Russian military preparations. In SERVIA the army and the Government are on unfriendly terms, and great wrath has been aroused by a Russian map of the Balkan States, which divides the country in a very unfavourable sense for Servia.

IN INDIA Prince Albert Victor's tour in the North-West Provinces has been full of interest. He saw the famous Taj Mahal illuminated by the electric light, visited the scene of the Cawnpore massacre, enjoyed some capital pig-sticking, and witnessed the cavalry manoeuvres at the Muridki camp before going on to Peshawar and Amritsar. More favourable news comes from the Chin-Lushai Expedition, the health of the troops improving as they reach higher ground. The Chins are no mean antagonists, but some of the tribes are at last disposed to be friendly, and assist the road-making now that General Symons has occupied their capital, Yokwa. General Tregear's column has been so long delayed that he cannot join General Symons at Haka before the end of March. Meanwhile, the column from Bhamo, including a detachment of the 1st Hampshire Regiment, has had a desperate struggle to take the village of Lwesaing, Major Forrest being dangerously wounded. He is now better. To turn to domestic affairs, the Bombay Government has attacked the Leper Question, without waiting for the Supreme Government, and has issued a notification that black leprosy is dangerous, and should be treated in certain hospitals.

In the UNITED STATES the full text has been published of the Anglo-American Extradition Treaty—which we summarised a short time since—together with an explanatory letter from Mr. Blaine. The Secretary states that the old Ashburton Treaty included the smallest number of offences found in any such agreements, so that the present convention simply places the American extradition relations with Great Britain on a modern basis, and on a similar footing to those relations with other Powers. Government is also considering the emigrant question, for after next March the Treasury will assume the entire control, and will have the emigrants landed at a State office to keep them from outside influences. Severe weather continues throughout the States, and the recent snowstorms in the Sierra Nevada have caused a terrible block on the railway. Trains have been thrown off the line by wind and ice, others have been snowed up for ten days, and the snow-sheds and telegraph poles are buried, needing 2,500 men to clear the track. A hurricane blew a train off the line near Monument, Colorado, happily without loss of life, but an accident to the Chicago train near Salem, Indiana, was more fatal. The train ran off the line and fell over a bridge, where the cars took fire, six persons being killed and nineteen injured. Another serious accident was due to a gas explosion at Columbus, Ohio, several houses being wrecked and six people killed.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Anti-Slavery Conference in BELGIUM has re-assembled at last, after long delay from illness, and the absence of several delegates.—AUSTRIA continues to congratulate herself on the Czech and German agreement, the opposing parties announcing their reconciliation publicly, and entering on friendly relations. The Young Czechs, however, hold aloof. Reports of M. Tisza's coming retirement are again current.—ITALY perseveres in her advance in Abyssinia, and her troops have entered Adowa, where, however, the leader, General Orero, announced that Italy did not intend to hold the Tigre province in opposition to King Menelik.—IN CANADA Parliament will shortly discuss an address to the Queen, expressing the national loyalty and determination to maintain union with Great Britain, in opposition to the movement for annexation to the United States.—IN EAST AFRICA the British bluejackets and marines at Zanzibar have executed some manœuvres before the Sultan which greatly delighted His Majesty. The British fleet has now gone to Mombassa.—IN VICTORIA an important Conference of the branches of Native-Born Associations has pronounced strongly for Federation.

THE COURT

OSBORNE has been quite gay with a succession of private theatricals and *tableaux vivants*. The Queen entertained a party of guests for each of the five representations. Princesses Louise and Beatrice, Countess Feodore Gleichen, and Lord Lorne took part in the performances of the *tableaux*, Princess Louise appearing as Queen Philippa, Princess Beatrice as Mary Queen of Scots, and Lord Lorne as the Lord of Misrule. The Princesses also acted twice in a short play with the members of the Royal Household. Local bands and the Cowes Choir furnished the accompanying music. The Duchess of Albany and her children, Countess Feodore Gleichen, and Lord Lorne did not stay for the performance on Saturday evening, but returned to town in the morning, the Duchess subsequently going back to Claremont. On Sunday morning Her Majesty and the Princesses attended Divine Service at Osborne, where Archdeacon Haigh officiated, and later Viscount Cross left for town. Princess Louise left on Monday when the ex-Empress Eugénie arrived, and next evening a selection from the *tableaux* was repeated. The Queen and Princess Beatrice return to Windsor about the 18th inst., and leave for the Continent at the end of March. German journals announce that Her Majesty

will join the Empress Frederick and Princess Christian at Homburg on March 23rd.

The Prince of Wales has deferred his visit to Berlin till next month, as Emperor William wished to keep his birthday quietly, owing to the mourning for the Empress Augusta. Accordingly the Prince only goes to the Riviera for a short sojourn. Before leaving he has been entertaining guests at Sandringham, whence the Russian Ambassador and Danish Minister returned on Saturday, being replaced by Viscount and Viscountess Wolseley and Canon Fleming. Next morning the Prince and Princess, with Prince George, the Princesses, and their visitors attended Service at St. Mary Magdalene's, where Canon Fleming preached on behalf of the Gordon Boys' Home. On Monday the guests left Sandringham, and the Prince of Wales came up to town, where on Wednesday he was present at the wedding of Mdle. de Murrieta with the Duke of Sontona, returning to Sandringham in the evening. The Prince of Wales visits Edinburgh early in March to open the Forth Bridge. Accompanied by Prince George and the Duke of Edinburgh, he will arrive in the evening of March 3rd, and stay at the New Club, being present subsequently at a private dinner-party. Next morning the Royal party will take train over the Forth Bridge and drive the last rivet, afterwards descending to a steamer to view the structure from the river. They will then return to the train, and on reaching the end of the approach viaduct the Prince of Wales will declare the Bridge open. A banquet is to follow at the works, the Princes afterwards returning to town.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh come to England from St. Petersburg at the end of this month.—The Duke of Cambridge has gone to Cannes.

SIR CHARLES HALLÉ'S ORCHESTRA.—The London performances given by Sir Charles Hallé's Manchester Band were resumed on Friday last. Unfortunately the attendance was not very large, although the programme was a highly interesting one. It included Grieg's "Spring" melody in G, which was encored; the intermezzo from Svendsen's second symphony in B flat; Spohr's dramatic concerto, played in her very best manner by Lady Hallé; and the instrumental portions of Berlioz's *Roméo et Juliette*. Berlioz's symphony—or as we should now call it cantata—was twice performed in its entirety about nine years ago. On Friday, the extremely important vocal portions, which in fact disclose the whole of the story, were necessarily omitted, the work thus, of course, suffering under a certain sense of incompleteness. The portions actually selected were the marvellously descriptive scene of Romeo listening outside the palace of the Capulets to the *fête* being given by Juliet and her relatives within, the delicious "Scène d'Amour," which was such a favourite with Berlioz himself, and the "Queen Mab" scherzo. The omissions included the opening of the story, the tale of Romeo's love, the chorus of revellers, besides the scene at the tomb, and the reconciliation of the families. Sir Charles Hallé is always at his best in Berlioz's music, and, except that the "Scène d'Amour" went rather tamely, the performance was a remarkably fine one.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The prospectus of the Philharmonic Society was issued this week. In the course of a series of highly interesting programmes we are promised a new symphony by Dvorak, a suite by Moszkowski, a selection from Benoit's *Charlotte Corday*, Signor Mancinelli's *Venetian* suite, Sullivan's *Macbeth* overture, Mackenzie's *Twelfth Night* overture and violin suite *Pibroch*, played by M. Ondricek, M. Widor's new pianoforte fantasia to be played by M. Philipp, an orchestral work by Mr. Frederic Cliffe, and a vocal duet by Mr. Goring Thomas, all conducted by the composers. Messrs. Sapellnikoff and M. Ysaye will re-appear, Signor Buonamici will make his *début* in Beethoven's E flat Pianoforte Concerto, and Mr. Borwick, a pupil of Madame Schumann, will make his first appearance in Schumann's Concerto.

THE POPULAR CONCERTS.—An extraordinary and unusual mishap threatened at one time to disturb the arrangements for last Saturday's concert. Almost at the moment when the performance was to begin, that excellent pianist, Madame Haas, was taken ill. Messengers had to be sent to scour London to discover another pianist. After a short delay the concert opened with a song—Schubert's "Aufenthalt"—sung by Miss Florence Hoskins, whose nervousness under the circumstances was very pardonable. Miss Janotha then appeared, and played, with Signor Piatti, the early sonata in D, one of the most deservedly popular of Rubinstein's chamber compositions. The work was, of course, thoroughly well known to the distinguished Polish pianist, who did it full justice, even without rehearsal. She afterwards played a study from her own pen. The principal item of the scheme was Schubert's Octet, performed by the same artists who played it only a week or two ago. On Monday Herr Stavenhagen reappeared, and performed Schubert's minuet in B minor from the sonata in G, and Schumann's "Papillons." The programme, which included songs for Miss Marguerite Hall, opened with Schumann's noble quartet in A minor, Op. 41, No. 1, and concluded with Beethoven's septet, led by Lady Hallé.

NORWICH TRIENNIAL FESTIVAL.—The sketch programme of the Norwich Festival has just been issued. The Festival will open with *Judas Maccabæus* on the evening of October 14th. On the 15th are announced Dr. Hubert Parry's new cantata, Rossini's *Sabbat Mater*, and a miscellaneous programme. On the 16th, Sullivan's *Martyr of Antioch* and Spohr's *Last Judgment* will be given in the morning, and Mr. Hamish M'Cunn's new cantata, *Queen Hynde of Caledon*, will be produced in the evening. The last day of the Festival will be devoted to *Elijah* and a miscellaneous programme, in the course of which is promised the second act of Wagner's *Flying Dutchman*. Some discussion has arisen in Norwich owing to the fact that the *Messiah* will not be performed. But the committee stopped all objections by pointing out that the attendance at every Norwich Festival for the last nine years had fallen off on *Messiah* nights.

LONDON SYMPHONY CONCERTS.—At the fifth London Symphony Concert an excellent programme attracted a far larger audience than usual. It included Schubert's unfinished Symphony in B minor, always a classic, and now fast becoming a popular work; Grieg's *Peer Gynt* Suite, a couple of orchestral pieces by Wagner, and Dr. Ferdinand Praeger's "Symphonic Poem" in F. Dr. Praeger's Poem proved to be identical with his Fantasia, which was produced at the Crystal Palace in November, 1886. It is new, however, provided with a new story, and it seems it is intended to illustrate the not altogether comfortable doctrine that "Life is a debt, and Death the payment," and that it is only through suffering and want that we earn our right to the grave. The Fantasia, by which title the work may most fitly be described, opens hopefully and almost joyously, but after a brief though melodious Nocturne, in which the melody is given throughout to the wood-wind, the music becomes sadder, until in the *finale* the musician endeavours, despite plaintive allusions to the peace and love of earlier days, to depict a hopeless struggle with fate. At the close of a very



THEATRES

The next production at the HAYMARKET will be a drama of

A MARVELLOUS PRODUCTION OF THE PRINTER'S ART is the Holiday Number of the *Weekly Northwestern Miller*, a trade journal, published by C. M. Palmer, Minneapolis, Minn., U.S.A. Printed from new type with ink whose blackness mocks the raven's wing, and filled with suitable stories and articles illustrated by some capital engravings, among which we notice Mr. Fripp's pictures of the Old and the New Northwest which recently appeared in *The Graphic*, the number is a wonderful example of American enterprise, from which trade journals at home might take a useful hint.



MR. STANLEY will remain at Cairo till the middle of March. During his late expedition he travelled 5,400 miles, all except 1,000 on foot. The expedition occupied three years, and rescued 300 persons, at an expense under 30,000*l*. Mr. Stanley's energy and general character greatly impressed Emin Pasha's followers, and the doctor of Emin's troops, Vitu Hassan Bey, who has just reached Aden, styled him "the incarnation of Africa," while a companion added, "Stanley is more than a man, for no man would dare to do what he has done." The soldiers speak of him with awe, and credit him with almost superhuman powers. Captain Trivier, the French explorer, now being *fêted* in France after his journey across Africa, pays a similar tribute to Mr. Stanley. He considers, further, that Tippoo Tib is the real master of Africa. Captain Trivier started from the Congo in 1883 with one European, M. Weisseburger, and two Senegalese natives, but lost his European companion last September near Tanganyika. He thinks that M. Weisseburger must have gone mad after suffering from fever, and subsequently lost himself, though Captain Trivier and his followers could find no trace of him throughout a long search. Captain Trivier reached Quillimane without firing a single shot against the natives, and completed his journey from west to east in little over a year. Now, fresh news of Dr. Peters has come to hand through two French priests just arrived at Mombassa, who declare that they left the German explorer safe and well in the Subaki district, on the Middle Tana, eight days' march from Ng'aro, his starting-point. He had returned to seek stores. Yet one more East-African explorer is Dr. Abbott, who was sent out by the Smithsonian Institute at Washington on a botanical and entomological expedition. He is on his way home after a most successful visit to Masailand, and has left a companion at Kilima-njaro to study the district.

MR. ERNEST A. WATERLOW, A.R.A.

MR. E. A. WATERLOW, who has just been elected Associate of the Royal Academy, is a son of the late Mr. Albert Crakell Waterlow, and a nephew of Sir Sydney Hedley Waterlow, Bart. He was born May 24th, 1850, and in 1876 married Mary Margaret Sophie, daughter of Professor Carl Hofman. At the Academy Mr. Waterlow has for years occupied an honourable place in the foremost rank of "outsiders," and has been equally well-known on the walls of the Royal Water-Colour Society, of which he is an Associate; and of the Institute of Painters in Oil-Colours, of which he is a member. Since in 1872 he sent his first contribution to the Academy, "Evening in Dovedale, Derbyshire," he has been rarely, if ever, unrepresented at the annual displays. In 1877 he exhibited "The Last of the Shower;" in 1882 "Sheep-washing;" in 1884 "Breezy Tintagel;" and in 1888 "Wolf! Wolf!" which, under the auspices of the Royal Anglo-Australian Art Society, is about to be transferred to the Antipodes. Three years ago his "Galway Gossips" was purchased for South Kensington under the terms of the Chantrey bequest. As an artist, Mr. Waterlow may be described rather as a painter of landscape *genre*, than as a landscapist pure and simple.

THE CHIN-LUSHAI EXPEDITION.

THIS engraving, which is from a sketch by Captain F. H. Oldfield, represents an incident during the march of the Burmese column of the expeditionary force, namely, the crossing of the Yaw River, which is a swift stream. The march took place from Pokoko, where the troops



MR. ERNEST ALBERT WATERLOW
Newly Elected Associate of the Royal Academy
Drawn from life by Mr. T. Blake Wirgman

composing the column were collected together, to Kān, which was the advanced base, and from which the further advance into the hostile Chin country was to begin. It was arranged that the troops should proceed in detachments, and march from Pokoko to Kān (169 miles) in fifteen days, without a halt. Stores were taken up previously by the Commissariat Department; bamboo sheds, thatched with leaves, were constructed; camps to accommodate about 1,200 men were taken up, and a good mule-track was opened by the Public Works Department all the way through most difficult country. The first troops to march were the Sixth Company, Queen's Own (Madras) Sappers and Miners, who arrived at Kān on December 7th, very fit and well. The troops of the column from India Proper, under Brigadier-General Symons, have been far less fortunate. Fever prevailed severely among the King's Own Scottish Borderers, the Ghoorkas, the Sappers, and the Second Madras Infantry. Out of 400 King's Own Scottish Borderers at Kān, 200 were disabled. By some this sickness has been attributed to the long marches imposed on the troops before they were seasoned to such exercise; as well as to the exposure and hardships they underwent in Calcutta. The Punjab coolies suffered most of all. By later accounts, the health of the troops had improved, and cholera has disappeared. The force continued its onward march, and a chief named Lalthuama, alleged to be implicated in the murder of Lieutenant Stewart, has been captured, and held to ransom.

TOBACCO has proved an effectual preventive of influenza in Switzerland. Not a single person employed in any of the cigar and tobacco manufactories has caught the disease, though it has raged all round them.



WITH THE CHIN-LUSHAI EXPEDITIONARY FORCE, BURMA COLUMN
THE SIXTH COMPANY OF THE QUEEN'S OWN SAPPERS AND MINERS CROSSING THE YAW RIVER, NEAR POUK ROAD





FEBRUARY brings to farmers thoughts of spring sowings, for the sooner grain is got into the soil, the better chance there is of a satisfactory and early yield. In the North, where belated harvests are often overtaken by frost, this consideration is of considerable consequence, nor is it anywhere to be neglected. Barley sown in February only requires 2 to 2½ bushels to the acre, sown in March 3 to 3½ bushels, and in April 4 bushels. As only the best barley at 5s. to 6s. per bushel should be sown, there is a perceptible saving on early sowings. Barley is usually grown after turnips that have been consumed by sheep, the turnips not robbing the soil of the constituents which barley requires, while the manure from the sheep is pre-eminently beneficial to the barley crop. Where barley is grown after some more exhausting crop, nitrates or sulphate of ammonia are desirable manures to apply. These not only give immediate food to the barley plant, but by their invigorating influence they enable it to appropriate supplies of mineral food from the soil. These sorts of manure should be applied in the form of top-dressing two or three weeks after the date of sowing, early in open weather, late in a cold and dry time. Oats, which do not tiller out so well as wheat or barley, require about 4 bushels to the acre to be sown. Nitrogen and phosphorus are the bases of the most useful manures for oats; growers can make comparisons for themselves of the different fertilisers offered to them. Sulphate of ammonia, sulphate of potash, and superphosphate—a full hundred weight of each to the acre is the manure used by one of the most successful oat-growers in the Scottish Lowlands. He applies it directly after sowing, and often gets 7 to 8 quarters to the acre. The sowing of beans and peas should not be neglected. Early sowing is the policy in all cases.

GRASS-LAND, as we have all heard, has been gaining on cornland—the green upon the white. But is this a necessary result of present agricultural conditions? A competent writer in the *Farmer* takes upon himself to answer "No; there is plenty of fodder, hay, and straw in hand to winter the stock at present in the country this winter, and another one as well. Take the winter as an average in severity. Hay and straw are only making nominal sums, and in many districts cannot be mowed at remunerative prices. With the regular old pastures and the uncultivated lands that there are about, there is plenty of land to be grazed by a far greater number of stock than there is at present, and if we get an ordinary hay time, a great deal may be added to the present quantity of fodder. Corn-growing can be made to pay by increasing the quantity of stock in the country."

THE MALT TAX.—At a time when a "Budget of relief" is believed to be justified by our financial position, it is worth considering whether a readjustment of the taxes on beer might not be popular without the revenue suffering. When the malt tax was abolished nobody expected a more burdensome impost in its place, yet such the new incidence of taxation has proved. An increased use of foreign barley has been stimulated by the change, and the use of sugar and all sorts of chemical ingredients has also been increased. Brewers buy in the cheapest market regardless of English farmers. A reduction of the beer duty would give brewers a larger profit, and would help farmers very little, if at all. With a malt tax, most of the foreign barley could not be used for malt, the same duty being paid upon a quarter of thin foreign as on the best home-grown. The beer duty being levied on the amount of saccharine produced, the thin foreign barley grown in hotter climates than our own is growing in favour with brewers.

HOPS.—The demand for hops since the New Year came in has been fairly good, requirements proving healthy, and the market developing firmness rather than losing it. Really good hops are scarce, though the total yield last September exceeded an average. Inquiries among planters down in Kent and Sussex go to show that very few of them have any large quantity of hops in hand, and that only those of them who are pressed for money show any eagerness to sell at present prices. The imports of foreign hops this season are smaller than in either 1888 or 1889, and this of course favours the English grower. Continental hops fetch a good price in Germany and France, which is a guarantee against large consignments to this country.

CATTLE.—The owner of live-stock is doing well. His animals are eating less than usual, owing to the mild weather, and they remain in excellent condition on quite moderate rations. Buyers last week were "plentiful" at Crewe, "prices were higher" at Rugby, "sellers did well" at Manchester, "trade was improved" at Newark. Trade was good, "only checked by high prices," at Glasgow, "trade was good" at Bicester, at Elgin, at Canterbury, "brisk" at Leicester, Worcester, and Dorchester, and "well-maintained prices" were advised from Bedford, Bristol, and from the London market. These notes will show trade to be healthy in each section of the kingdom. Breeders of animals are, in fact, doing so far well that the money to buy more stock is the chief agricultural want of the hour.

VEGETABLES in January have seldom been so cheap, so good, or so plentiful as they have been during the past fortnight. Fine Magnum Bonum potatoes have been quoted 90s. per ton, Dunbar, "the best," and 70s. for York "good," while from the Eastern counties there has been abundance of this variety on offer at 60s. Good Scotch Regents have been obtainable at the same price; York Imperators at 3l. 7s. 6d., and Kentish "Beauties" at 3l.; Scotch "Champions" have been offered at 2l. 2s. 6d. Of other vegetables beet has been quoted 2s. 9d. per cwt., mangold wurzel 13s. 6d., and good swedes 19s. Good Highland carrots are quoted 40s., and Blackland 35s. per ton.

MAJOR CRAIGIE, who has been appointed head of the Statistical Department under the new Board of Agriculture, has for many years been Secretary to the Central Chamber of Agriculture. He has not only been the author of innumerable reports, but, unless rumour errs very greatly, he has been the foster parent of many speeches in the House of Commons. Members of that august assembly, who were expected to appease an agricultural constituency by "making some remarks," were wont to seek counsel of the indefatigable secretary, who rarely, if ever, failed to come to their relief with a wealth of 'safe opinions.' Major Craigie at the Board of Agriculture will be emphatically the right man in the right place, nor will a Department which boasts of such servants as

Sir James Caird and the late Secretary of the Chamber of Agriculture be lacking in the power of grappling with agricultural intelligence in its widest scope as well as in its most minute details. But if our Ministers of Agriculture are specially well informed, we shall expect them to act upon that information.

THE FARMERS' POULTRY.—"Don't try to keep strains pure and breeds apart." Such is the advice which a practical farmer gives his brother agriculturists. It is rather against the spirit of the times; but "the fancy" is apt to prove expensive, and farmers have to work economically nowadays. "Never mind what breed your fowls are, so long as they are of fair size, lay a good-sized egg, and are perfectly healthy. Every year try some fresh young fowls from a distant yard. Go in for the best-laying sorts, and cross each year with a fresh variety. Avoid too large and clumsy breeds, such as Brahmas and Cochins, which are too heavy and lazy to scratch and worry for their living. The Spanish, game, and Hamburgs are all good fowls for the farm, and a farmer cannot do better than start with these, bringing in, if he likes, some Dorking and Plymouth Rock hens or some Houdans."

LORD NAPIER'S LAST RESTING-PLACE

We gave last week some account of the imposing ceremonial with which the remains of Lord Napier of Magdala were laid to rest in St. Paul's Cathedral. Our illustration this week shows the position in the crypt of the great soldier's grave. A more appropriate site could hardly have been selected. It is situated near the supporting pillars of the dome, on its south-western side. In the centre of this space is the tomb of Lord Nelson, which is surrounded by six recesses. Two of these are occupied by the graves of Lord Collingwood and the Earl of Northesk, who helped Nelson to win Trafalgar, and three are at present untenanted. In the sixth now



LORD NAPIER'S GRAVE IN THE CRYPT OF ST. PAUL'S

rest the mortal remains of Lord Napier—a hero lying among heroes. Close by is the monument put up to the memory of Field-Marshal Lord Strathnairn, with whom, then Sir Hugh Rose, Robert Napier was in India so closely associated.

MY OLD TRAVELLING BAG

My bag dates from a period prior to the smart Gladstones of today; its once shiny black surface is dulled and cracked, its iron framework occasionally peers forth, in spite of patches and multiplied sewings by provincial saddlers; and the square-mouthed opening has lately developed a knack of collapsing suddenly and inflicting nasty scratches on the unwary packer; while my name, once emblazoned on its side in letters so staring as to command attention everywhere, is indecipherable. I was inspecting it recently to see whether it could last out another journey, and found myself aimlessly tearing off the labels which twenty years or more had accumulated upon its battered sides.

What is this fearsome word—Pozsóny? One hardly recognises pretty Pressburg, with its castled rock frowning over the rapid Danube, by that name. How interesting its gloomy Jews' quarter, with its swarming population, its open shops hung with frippery and gew-gaws! How huge its Cathedral, spoiled externally by the ugly modern tower, scarce accessible through the labyrinth of dirty wynds around it! And how fair the scene of an evening on the bridge of boats, when the smart Hungarian girls, in short white petticoats and brilliant stockings, flock thither to parade their soldier sweethearts and air their national finery!

A different scene is recalled by the next name that catches my eyes. I seem to see again the Quay at Lübeck, where three young Oxford men landed at early dawn from a Danish steamboat. All, as it chanced, were bringing home a doll in the national garb of Sweden, and these dolls were declared to be liable to duty. Hours we had to wait, until an important spectacled official arrived, uniformed and sword-begirt, and solemnly proceeded to

weigh the unhappy toys, and we were finally informed we must pay 1½d. apiece for introducing them into Germany. We had no German money, and the officials, annoyed at the ridicule, not to say abuse, with which we had received their demand, would do nothing to help us, and we were compelled to wait at the landing-stage until the earliest money-changer, at least half-a-mile off, took down his shutters before we could satisfy the Customs, and get our baggage away to our hotel.

The name of Danzig recalls an incident more worthy of French than German suspicion. I had climbed the height overlooking the beautiful city at the mouth of the Vistula, and, having a tiny sketch-book with me, was just noting down upon it the relative positions of the spire of the Rathhaus and the magnificent Marienkirche soaring away far above the mass of mediæval brick-built streets, when a sergeant of the line, after watching me for a while, proceeded to cross-question me on every conceivable subject, under the impression that I was a spy, and it was not until he had tracked me right through the city within the portals of the quaint Englisches Haus, near the quay, that he was satisfied I was not some French or Russian draughtsman, bent on treason against the Fatherland.

These Northern names peel off quickly one behind the other. Rostock, true relic of a mediæval world, now springing into a considerable port for Danish traffic; Stettin huge, dreary, and wearisome, but sanctified in my recollections by a last peep at the nonagenarian Ruler of Germany, who during my visit was attending the Autumn Manœuvres of the Pomeranian Division of the Army which he loved so well; worn and withered the old Emperor looked indeed, but he sat erect in the low carriage which drove him back to the Castle from the parade-ground, and his eye was bright enough as he acknowledged the salutes of the crowds at every corner in the streets. Marienburg, home of the Teutonic Knights, whose glorious castle is fast recovering its former dignity after temporary eclipse as a barn and a barrack; distant Königsberg, the

dwelling-place of Kant, and dismal as one would expect the abode of such an incomprehensible philosopher to be. What a time we spent in the University there! The porter, in his anxiety to exhibit its treasures, would let us off nothing, and fairly wore out my poor friend's patience in the frescoed hall, where he persisted in making me use a paper-tube to focus the sight on the knee of Socrates, or the arm of Æsculapius!

Somewhat similar are my associations with another label—Aberdeen. There, too, I had inspected the University buildings under the guidance of a most civil but decidedly unkempt cicerone, and was in the act of rewarding his kindness by a substantial douceur, when accident revealed to me that he was a Professor, and I withdrew as quickly as possible covered with confusion. But foreign names predominate on my bag. Here is Troyes, most interesting, but oh! most filthy of French provincial towns. Shortly after the war I visited it to see the splendid glass in the cathedral, and my appearance at once declared the spy. To the Champenois (of whom, as the old proverb says, "Quatre-vingt-dix-neuf brebis et un Champenois font cent bêtes") every foreigner at that time was a German, and I was scowled at during dinner and mobbed in the town, so that I was glad to make an ignominious retreat by night from this inhospitable city. Here is pretty Grenoble, in its lovely valley below the snow-capped peaks of Savoy. How glorious was the drive up to the Grande Chartreuse, and how welcome the liqueur which the monks pressed upon me!—though here, too, my recollections are not altogether without alloy, for did I not meet there Dr. Edwin Hatch, the able thinker and upright theologian, recently snatched all too young from his beloved Oxford ere his work was done? Here is Chalons, the huge military camp, swarming with red-breathed soldiers of the line, trim cavalry, and dark-clad gunners, all longing for *la revanche*. Beneath, again, is Chartres, whose twin-spired cathedral soars so gracefully on the hill above the tiny Eure; and Bourges, the very centre of France, where the gorgeous windows make us temporarily forget the abominable and ever-present dirt. Pontorson calls to mind the storied rock of St. Michel standing off the Norman coast. Do you know the fair Madame Poulard? Widely is she known and much esteemed, if we may judge from the tributes of Art that line her cheerful *salon*, and pleasant it is to dine therein while the wind is howling all around and the sea beating against the rocks outside, forgetful at the moment that one must scale the hill in the dark before reaching one's bed.

It is a far cry from Mount St. Michel to Stockholm. What a merry time, too, we had there! A party of our countrymen had met on the little canal steamboat from Gothenburg, and in spite of the discomfort in the cramped cabins and the deliciously absurd rules and regulations for our conduct on board—which nobody heeded—how pleasant it all was! Where is the delightful German merchant who, utterly innocent of English, joined so pleasantly in all our little jokes? Where is the canny Yorkshireman who exploited us all so mercilessly afterwards in some long-forgotten magazine? How cheery it was at night, when our Upsala student sang loudly to his very feeble guitar, and we indulged freely in the excellent "öl" of Pilsen and the odd delicacies of the "smörgas-bord!" Lund comes next, with its exquisite cathedral, though small, the finest church of Scandinavia; and here is Helsingör, where Hamlet's Castle rises high above the straits—a memory to our party for all time of snowy sails on an exquisite turquoise sea on such a day as seldom falls to us in northern climes. Below this all is illegible, but in another corner a label or two may yet be read. What is it? Clonmel? Do you know the pretty little town on the Suir? If not, be content to see it from a distance, and don't enter it unnecessarily, for cleanliness is hardly its strong point, and its hotels are not so well appointed as one could wish. Cork, Limerick, Sligo, how beautiful they all are, but how dirty! Their labels, no doubt in sympathy, are stained and soiled, yet for us they have pleasant recollections of an autumn holiday when Home Rule was a dream, and Parnell Commissions unknown. I can make out nothing more; so now, old bag, farewell!

O. M.

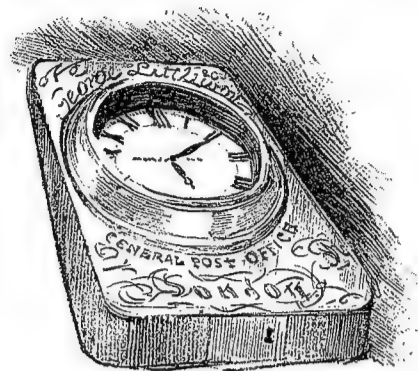
THE WATERLOO MONUMENT AT BRUSSELS, in memory of the British officers and soldiers, will be ready by next July, at the present satisfactory rate of progress. The money raised by public subscription will just cover the cost, with a tiny balance on the right side. The inscription on the monument has been drafted finally as follows:—"In memory of the British officers, non-commissioned officers, and men, who fell in Belgium in the battles of 1815, and whose remains were transferred to this cemetery in 1889. This monument was erected by the Queen and their countrymen, on a site generously presented by the Municipality of Brussels, 1890."

SEARLE'S FUNERAL AT SYDNEY

SUCH a keen interest in sport of all kinds is taken by the Australians and, with good reason, they are so proud of the many athletic heroes whom their country has already produced, that the imposing demonstration at the funeral of poor young Searle will excite no surprise. From Government House to the humblest tenement in Sydney a pang of regret was felt when the news of his death arrived. Small wonder, then, that half the population of the city came out to do honour to their departed Champion. Festoons of crape intertwined with Searle's colours hung from nearly every house, and all the flags were at half-mast. The funeral procession,

frequently synonymous terms. I have, however, caught a tortoise-shell butterfly with one of its wings weak and small, and the Rev. J. G. Wood discovered an Atalanta wriggling in the grass with the wings on one-side-not developed. A friend once shot a rat which had an enormous development of the canine teeth, projecting like tusks from its mouth, and affording a good mark for his shot. The wild elephant, as hunters know to their cost, has often one of its tusks more or less broken. Age, with its symptoms of second childhood, creeps apace over those birds and mammals which are more fortunate than others. The old lion becomes lean, timid, mangy, and is thankful for carrion and small game which he would have disdained in his prime. Many animals have to be content

Carlisle, lent by the Corporation of that town, date back to the time of Queen Elizabeth. This is the earliest racing prize on record. The Boston and Hull Mail Coach Clock is one of those



BOSTON AND HULL MAIL COACH CLOCK

distributed by the General Post Office to the various mail coaches about the beginning of the century. The clock is the property of Colonel Ralph Vivian. The First Ascot Queen's Cup was won in



THE FUNERAL PROCESSION

headed by four mounted troopers, was of immense length, and included representatives of nearly every kind of sport—bicycle clubs, athletic clubs, football, swimming, and sailing associations, and rowing clubs, of course, in great numbers. Principal among these was the East Sydney Rowing Club, to which Searle belonged, which marched in front of the hearse. This was drawn by four horses, and was covered with flowers and other emblems, conspicuous among which were two crossed skulls. Many private carriages followed the procession to St. Andrew's Cathedral, where the first portion of the Funeral Service was said, the actual burial taking place at the Church of England Cemetery.

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS OF WILD ANIMALS

THE opinion that man is eminently the subject of disease and anxiety is advanced by social reformer, politician, or theologian whenever it seems to fall in with any proposition which each maintains. The old theological idea that sin was the cause of suffering—nowhere put so grandly as by Milton's angel to Adam after the Fall, when an awful vision was disclosed of every form of human suffering—has diverted attention from the fact that suffering belongs to no time or place, but is more or less a necessary condition of all animated existence.

In his delightful volume of "Town and Country Sermons," Charles Kingsley allowed himself to write: "For, remember, man alone is subject to disease. The wild animal in the wood, the bird upon the tree, seldom or never know what sickness is—seldom or never are stunted or deformed. They live according to their nature, healthy and happy, and die in a good old age."

This pleasing illusion is kept up by our poets. Shelley and Keats envy the "melodious madness" of the skylark, the bird of the wilderness revelling in the sweetness of its own song, without a single harassing care. The delight which one feels at seeing a butterfly hovering above flowers, at hearing the buzz of bee or of fly, is transferred readily enough to those creatures themselves, and they are supposed to be as happy as they make us.

Really there is considerable obscurity regarding the feelings of wild animals. There is a remarkable passage in Sir John Lubbock's "Prehistoric Times," to the effect that wild animals are always in danger. "Mr. Galton," he says, "who is so well qualified to form an opinion, believes that the life of all beasts in their wild state is an exceedingly anxious one, that every antelope in South Africa has literally to run for its life once in every two or three days upon an average, and that he starts or gallops under the influence of a false alarm many times in a day."

With the wild birds and animals of our own island timidity is a normal state, and timidity is often quickened into terror. Terrible fossil teeth, poison-bags, stings, and claws, as well as plates of mail intended for defence, forbid us to indulge in the vision of any golden geological age. Neither in past periods nor now have wild animals any immunity from disease. We have the salmon disease, the grouse disease, the buffalo disease. The sea sometimes delivers up the dead that are in it in such quantities that one requires to avoid the shores on which the carcasses lie rotting. During the prevalence of rinderpest among our cattle it was observed that the wild cattle at Hamilton were terribly scourged by it. Scarcely a single species of animals escapes the torture of external or internal parasites. Floods and fires, and winter with its covering of snow, are sad realities to beast and bird as well as to ourselves. They, as well as we, are bereaved of their offspring and of their mates. With regard to lingering diseases, or stunted and deformed bodies, there is not so much of that, simply because the struggle for existence is among them so severe that sickness and death become most

with a single eye or a single horn after combatting with the males of their own species for possession of a mate. Many of them, like the wicked, live not half their days, judging from the great age their kind are capable of attaining when under the preservation of man.

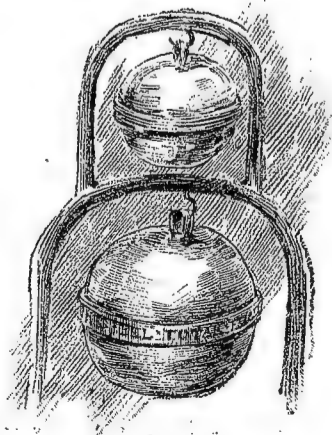
The writer of this article pointed out some of these facts to Charles Kingsley in 1867, and Kingsley magnanimously confessed himself guilty of hasty writing, acknowledged how he had been struck with the passage quoted from Lubbock, and made amends by writing in *Fraser* of that year "A Chirm of Birds," in which he said the great poet was wrong who wrote, "In nature there is nothing melancholy." The "Chirm of Birds" is, however, no more than a splendid exaggeration, in which the author's feelings are transferred too much to the animal's, and he hears melancholy in the song of a migratory bird, whose song, by ornithologists, has been pronounced cheerful. No doubt both ecstasy and wretchedness have been reached by those members of the brute creation whose brain and nervous system are most like our own. The welcome a dog has been known to give its master, after long absence, may be taken as a specimen of the former, while the many authenticated anecdotes of animals pining away and dying for the loss of human or bestial company are sufficient to show that wretchedness is sometimes their lot. The lower the organisation the less vivid are the feelings. The poor beetle that we tread upon does not feel a giant's pangs, and at no time drinks the poet's cup of ecstasy—

Chords which vibrate sweetest pleasure
Thrill with deepest notes of woe.

These chords belong to cultured women and men, and as we descend the scale of being they become less and less elastic. J. S.

SPORT AND ART AT THE GROSVENOR GALLERY

IN our last issue we published engravings of some of the trophies exhibited at this Gallery. Our illustrations this week represent some of the most interesting plate exhibits. The Racing Bells of

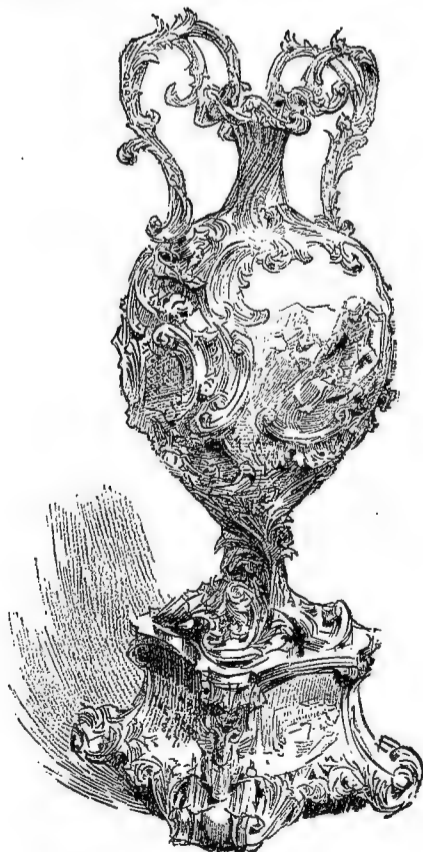


THE RACING BELLS OF CARLISLE



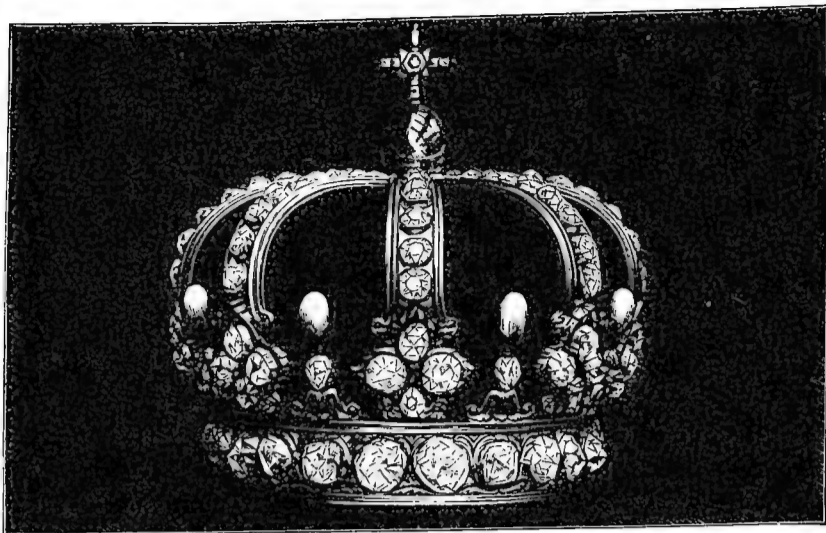
FIRST ASCOT QUEEN'S CUP

1839. It is a handsome piece of German work of the seventeenth century, and is at present in the possession of Sir James Thornhill. The Emperor of Russia's Cup was won by The Hero in

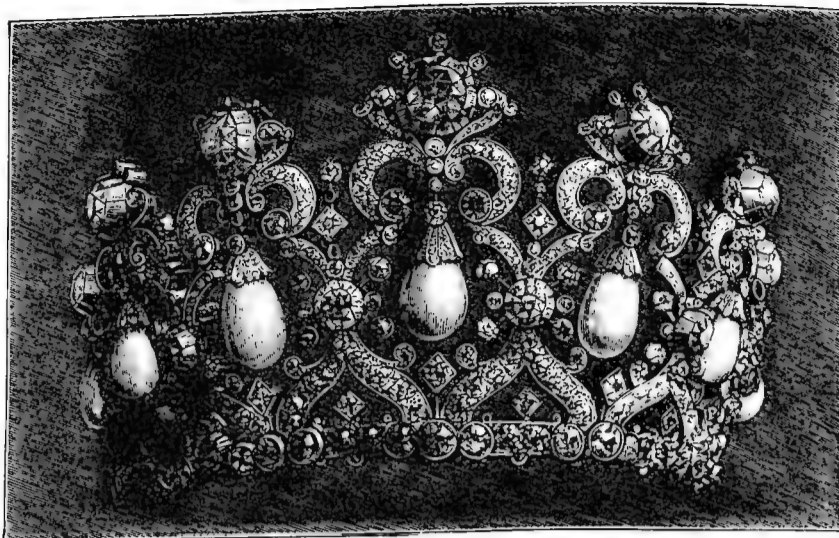


THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA'S ASCOT CUP

1847. On the base of this cup are reliefs of the palaces of Peterhof and Smolenski. The cup was made, and is lent, by Messrs. Hunt and Roskell.



THE PRUSSIAN CROWN TO BE WORN BY THE EMPEROR, WILLIAM II.

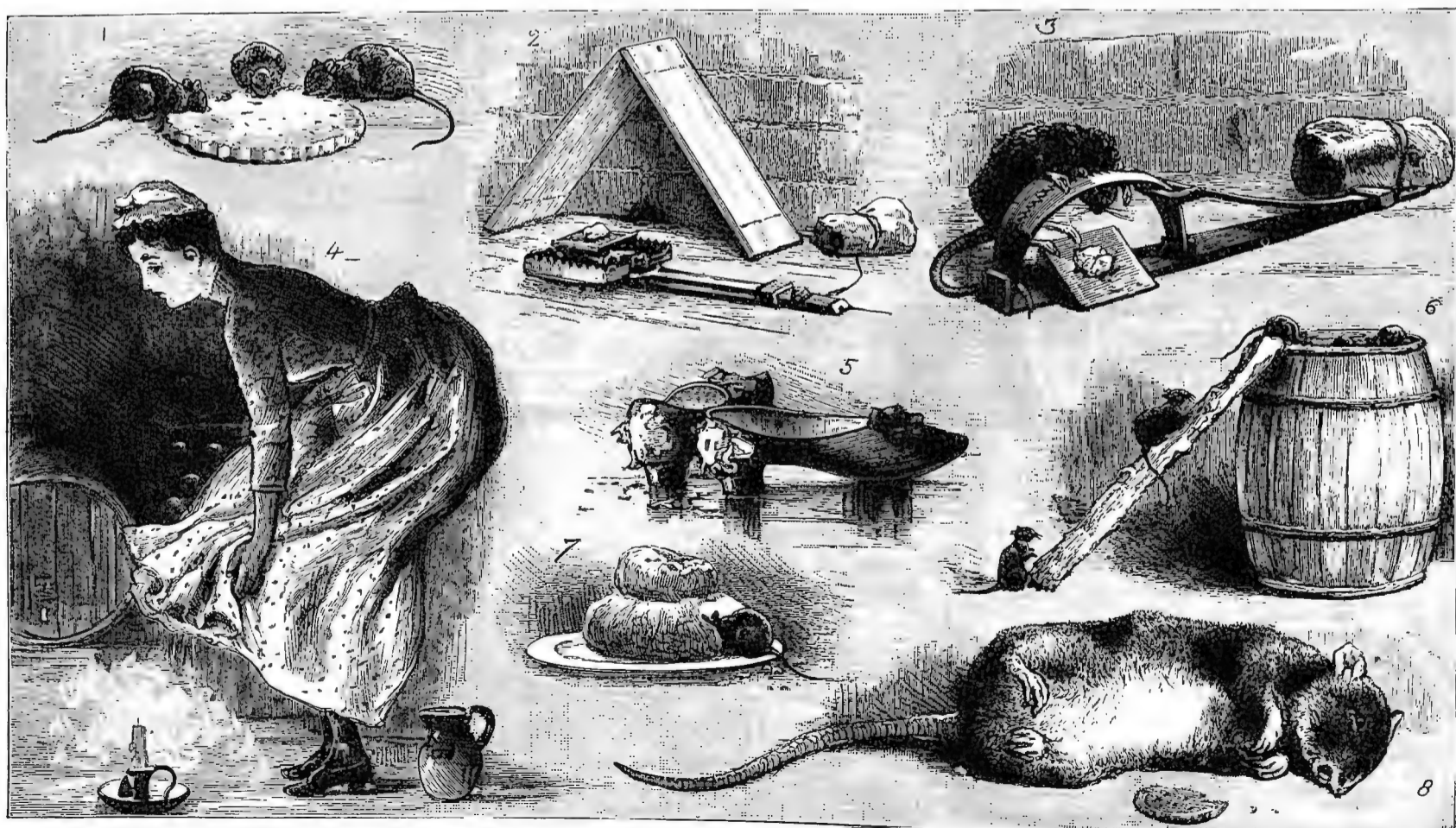


THE DIADEM TO BE WORN BY THE EMPRESS OF GERMANY

THE NEW CROWN JEWELS OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE



PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR WITH THE "ELEPHANT KING" IN A JUNGLE WAGGON IN MYSORE, INDIA



1. The Shortbread I had baked for "first footing" my Friends
2. "Is it Shortbread you want?"

3. La Grippe
4. In the Cellar, Shoo!!

5. My Slippers
6. My Guests arrive

7. A partiality for Bread
8. Retribution

THE RAT PLAGUE IN THE COUNTRY

BOOSEY & CO.'S NEW SONGS

BY THE FOUNTAIN.—Stephen
BY THE FOUNTAIN.—Words by WEATHERLY.
Sung by Miss A. Gomez, at the Ballad Concerts.
Said to be a success.

THIS WORK-A-DAY WORLD.

THIS WORK-A-DAY WORLD.—
New Song by STEPHEN ADAMS. Words by
JESSIE M. R. SING. By Madame Belle-Cole, at the
Ballad Concerts. A distinguished success.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.—Hope
LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.—Words by JOHN MUIR.
Sung by Miss F. Lloyd, at the Ballad Concerts.
Said to be a success.

GOLDEN HARVEST.

GOLDEN HARVEST.—Frank
GOLDEN HARVEST.—Sung by Madame Antoinette
SING. By Madame Belle-Cole, at the Ballad
Concerts. A distinguished success.

OFF TO PHILADELPHIA.

OFF TO PHILADELPHIA.—
New Song by Mr. Plunkett Greene, at the Ballad
Concerts. A distinguished success.

THE SAILOR'S DANCE.

THE SAILOR'S DANCE.—
New Song by Mr. Plunkett Greene, at the Ballad
Concerts. A distinguished success.

STAY, DARLING, STAY.

STAY, DARLING, STAY.—
New Song by Mr. Plunkett Greene, at the Ballad
Concerts. A distinguished success.

WEEP YE NO MORE.

WEEP YE NO MORE.—Marzials
WEEP YE NO MORE.—Sung by Mrs. Mary Davies
and Miss L. Lehm, at the Ballad Concerts.
Said to be a success.

BOOSEY & CO.'S STANDARD SONGS

MONA. Stephen Adams.
DADDY. Behrend,
IN THE CHIMNEY CORNER.
CHILDREN ASLEEP. Frank
CALL ME BACK. Denza.
THE RIVER OF YEARS.
OUR LAST WALTZ. Molloy.
HOPE TEMPLE'S BEST
SONGS.

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Class 675. 6765 guineas. Class 676. 6775 guineas.
Class

BOOKS OF REFERENCE.—The "Advertisers ABC" for 1890, has been sent us by Mr. T. B. Browne, 163, Queen Victoria Street, containing an increase of 200 pages over last year's issue. Advertisers are specially catered for in this work, but it also possesses the advantage of being a Press Directory—containing a complete record of the British, Colonial, and Indian Newspaper and Periodical Press as it at present exists. Two interesting articles in this volume are "Public Company Work" and "Picture Advertisements," the latter dealing exhaustively with the question of Art in Advertising.—No doubt the principal attraction in the "Era Almanac" for 1890 will be the series of autograph letters from popular actors and actresses replying to a number of theatrical questions. The Almanac includes, besides, the usual professional information, and a number of capital theatrical stories, "My Play," by Mr. Wilford F. Field, pointing a useful moral to young and aspiring dramatic authors.—The new editions of "Kelly's Handbook to the Titled, Landed, and Official Classes" (Kelly and Co.) and "Webster's Royal Red Book" have come to hand. The utility of both these works is so well known that further comment is unnecessary.—A useful reference book to artists in the profession, now in its thirty-eighth year of publication, is the "Musical Directory, Annual, and Almanac for 1890" (Rudall, Carte, and Co., 23, Berners Street). The volume, besides containing an obituary for the year, includes a list of the instrumentalists of the United Kingdom, and much other useful information.—"The Civil Service Directory" (W. H. Allen and Co.) makes its second appearance this year. This directory contains a list of all the public departments in the United Kingdom, the officials doing duty therein, and a detailed statement of their services, all arranged alphabetically. The volume is edited and compiled by Mr. J. Morris Cotton, F.S.S.—Messrs. Low and Co. issue "The Colonial Year Book for 1890," an entirely new work, compiled by Mr. A. J. R. Trendell, C.M.G. This reference book will be welcomed by all classes of the community desirous of supplementing their knowledge of our Colonial possessions. The aim of the work is to give full data relating to every English Colony, the information in all cases being based on official returns. The Colonies are described in alphabetical order, and the book is supplemented by a series of excellent maps by Mr. Stanford, which add materially to the value of the work.—We have also received "The Year's Art for 1890" (Virtue and Co.), containing this year for the first time portraits of the members of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours. This reference book is now in its eleventh year of publication; "The Garden Oracle and Illustrated Floricultural Year Book for 1890," is in the thirty-second year of its publication. From Messrs. Wilson and Mackinnon, 80, Fleet Street, E.C., we have a copy of "The Melbourne Argus Tables of the Australasian Mails for 1890." This includes particulars of the names of the various lines of steamers, and the dates of sailing to every part of Australia and New Zealand.

SUNDRIES.—Messrs. George Rowney and Co., 11, Percy Street, W., have sent us a selection of their latest publications in chromo-lithography, including facsimile reproductions by Mr. H. Long, of "Turner's Ports of England," now in the National Gallery. The water-colour landscapes (advanced foliage) by N. G. Green, comprise some very pretty scenery, and will be useful as copies for students in water-colours.—From the Fine Art Society, 148, New Bond Street, W., we have received an original etching by A. Wallace Rimington of "Giotto's Campanile, Florence." The work is clearly and delicately executed, and the etching makes an attractive and realistic picture of this famous bell-tower.—The Art Union of London this year issue a selection of small etchings in place of one large engraving, which they usually publish. The etchings are all excellent specimens of works, "A Bit of Old York,"

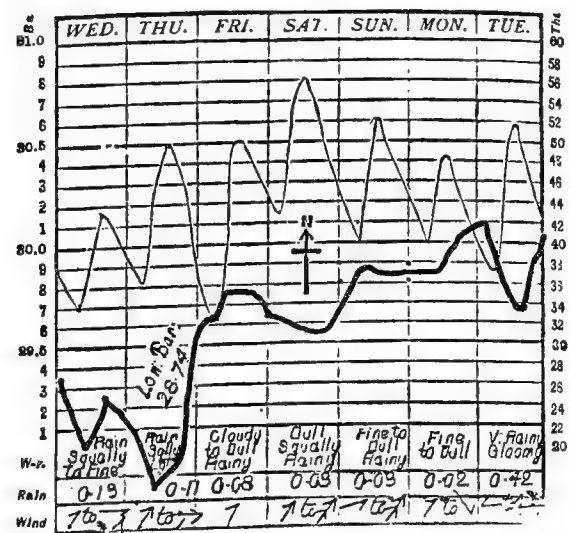
"A lane near the New Forest," by W. W. Burgess; and "View on the Kennett," by F. Slocombe; being amongst the best. **DRAWINGS OF CAMBRIDGE AND THE RIVIERA.**—A large majority of the one hundred water-colour drawings and sketches by Mr. John Fulleylove, now on view at the Fine Art Society's Gallery, were painted at Cambridge during the last year. Though of comparatively small size, they have all the artistic qualities that we noticed in the admirable series of views in Oxford which he exhibited here about two years ago. In depicting the cloistered quadrangles and groups of collegiate buildings, in which Gothic and Early Renaissance architecture are harmoniously combined, Mr. Fulleylove has been especially successful. The charm of these drawings lies not so much in fidelity to local fact as in the very artistic manner in which they are treated. In their accurate draughtsmanship and refinement of colour, and in their broad simplicity and unobtrusive strength of style, they resemble Cotman's pictures of similar subjects, and suffer nothing by comparison with any but the best of them. Among many small drawings in which landscape and architecture are rendered in their right relation to each other, "Clare, from King's Bridge," "The Cam, from Jesus Lock," and "Trinity Library, from John's," are perhaps the best. Equally good in an entirely different way are several of the small interiors. "The Hall, John's" and "King's Chapel" are especially noteworthy for their accuracy of detail, their truthful illumination, and comprehensive harmony of effect. As some of the most ancient edifices are likely to be demolished, many of these drawings will be valuable as historic records. The Riviera drawings, with few exceptions, are rapidly painted outdoor sketches. They are all true in local colour, and have the freshness of immediate observation; and in a few of the more extensive views, "Genoa from the Sea," for instance, and "Nice from Monteboron," Mr. Fulleylove has admirably succeeded in rendering the appearance of moving atmosphere and space.

FRENCH ART will not lack opportunities of display this season, when there are to be two Salons in Paris, not to mention the usual host of minor exhibitions, like the collection at the Cercle Volney, which opened on Monday. Naturally, most curiosity is felt about the new "National Society of Fine Arts," formed by M. Meissonier and his fellow-seceders from the original French Artists' Society, which will open its inaugural exhibition on May 15 at the Fine Art Palace on the Champ de Mars. The Society includes three classes of members—founders, ordinary members, and associates, besides honorary members who may have rendered great services to Art. Any foreign or French artist whose works are once admitted to the Society's exhibitions becomes an associate, and may send an unlimited number of pictures. No rewards will be awarded, and no works exempted from examination by the jury, whose members will be changed every year, to avoid favouritism. After the expenses of the annual exhibitions have been paid, the receipts will be divided into a reserve fund and a fund for buying pictures as gifts for the State collections. The original Society has also altered its regulations slightly, especially respecting the jury. Thus the new jury is to be composed of fifty members, of whom ten will retire each year, and twenty will be chosen by lot for the Hanging Committee. The sculpture section will have a special jury of thirty, who cannot serve more than two years running. As so many eminent artists have departed with M. Meissonier, the members of the old Society are somewhat nervous about the success of the official Salon, which opens on May 1 in its old quarters in the Palais de l'Industrie, and thus enjoys a fortnight's start over its rival. This display has the advantage of Government patronage and of position, as the Champ de Mars is further away from the centre of artistic Paris, but the novelty will

probably attract many visitors to the seceding Society. M. Protais, the eminent military painter, who was the forerunner of MM. Detaille and de Neuville, is dead.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, JANUARY 28, 1890.



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Tuesday midnight (28th ult.). The thin line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—During the past week the weather has been very stormy, rainy, and unsettled over the British Islands and their immediate neighbourhood. These conditions have been caused by a series of large and deep depressions advancing over our area from the Westward. At the beginning of the week the Central portion of a depression, in which readings were below 28.8 inches, lay over Scotland, and while strong Westerly breezes or gales, accompanied by heavy rain, hail, or sleet were experienced over Ireland, fresh South-Westerly winds and dull showery weather prevailed in the South-East of England. By the following morning, Thursday (23rd ult.), a new and deep disturbance had advanced from the South-Westward to the Irish Sea. This caused strong Northerly winds in the South of Ireland, and fierce Westerly winds with heavy rain and some hail in the Channel. Over the North of Ireland and in Scotland the weather was temporarily fine. Subsequently this depression moved away to the Eastward, and a short spell of South-Westerly to Westerly breezes and fair weather was experienced pretty generally. By Saturday (25th ult.) another disturbance both deep and large had reached our extreme North-Western Coasts from the Westward, and a renewal of South-Westerly to Westerly gales—very strong in the West of Ireland—when the depression had reached the West continued until Monday (27th ult.), when the depression had reached the West of Norway, and the wind had veered to the North-West, and fallen to strong winds. Rain still continued very general, and was very heavy over Ireland. At the close of the week a small depression had advanced to the St. George's Channel, and further disturbed weather was felt over the greater part of the country. Temperature was decidedly above the average generally. The barometer was highest (30.7 inches) on Monday (27th ult.); lowest (28.74 inches) on Thursday (23rd ult.); range 1.93 inch. The temperature was highest (56°) on Saturday (25th ult.); lowest (33°) on Friday (24th ult.); range 23°. Rain fell on seven days. Total fall 0.82 inch. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.42 inch on Tuesday (28th ult.).

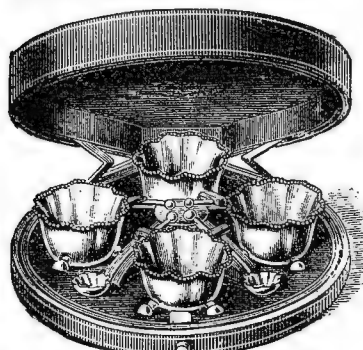
THE MANUFACTURING GOLDSMITHS' & SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY.

Show Rooms: 112, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W. (Adjoining Stereoscopic Company.)
SUPPLY THE PUBLIC DIRECT AT MANUFACTURERS' CASH PRICES, SAVING PURCHASERS FROM 25 TO 50 PER CENT.

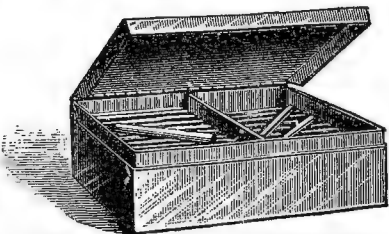


Best Electro Bijou Lamp, 20s.

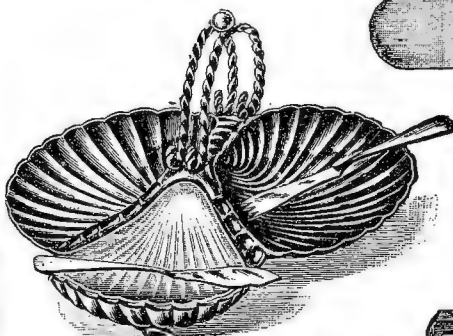
AWARDED EIGHT Gold and Prize Medals and the Cross of the Legion of Honour, also the ONLY GOLD MEDAL AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.



Four Solid Silver Salt Spoons, in best Morocco Case, 50s.



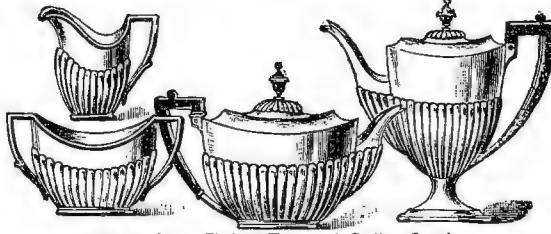
Solid Silver Cigarette Box, Length 7 inches. Price 115s.



Best Electro Biscuit, Butter, and Cheese Frame, with Knife and Fork, Price £1 10s.



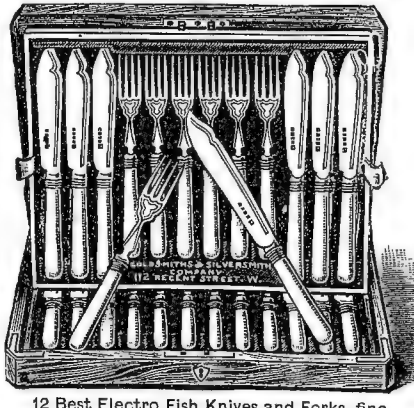
Best Electro Grape Stand, Price 30s.



Queen Anne Fluted Tea and Coffee Service, Best Electro, £8 10s. Solid Silver, £20.



Finest Shear Steel Table Cutlery, with African Ivory Handles, Table Knives, 28s. Cheese Knives, 24.



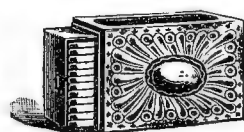
12 Best Electro Fish Knives and Forks, fine Ivory Handles, in Oak Case, Price 95s. Extra Thick Ivory, 120s.



Best Electro Entree Dish. The Cover Forms an Extra Dish. 10-in. 45s. 12-in. 55s.



Best Electro Kettle and Stand to hold 3 half pints, Price 95s.



Solid Silver Match Cover. Small, 18s. 6d. Large, 25s.



Claret Jug, Electro Mounts, Price £1 7s. 6d.



Best Electro Crumb Scoop, Ivory Handle, 20s.

THE LARGEST AND FINEST STOCK IN LONDON Of Solid Silver and Electro Plate, all New and Original Designs.



Six Solid Silver Tea Spoons and Tongs in Case, 50s.

THE TIMES: 'The work is exquisitely finished.'
THE QUEEN: 'An unrivalled display of Jewellery and Plate.'
GOLDSMITHS' & SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY, 112, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.

MANUFACTORY: CLERKENWELL

From the following scene, together with the fact of his NEVER ONCE USING THE WORD IN ALL HIS WORKS, is it to be inferred that Shakespeare was unacquainted with "SOAP?"
MACBETH, ACT. V., SCENE I.—*New Reading.*



Lady Macbeth.—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?
Gentlewoman.—Ay, Madam. Here, for a shilling, is a sovereign remedy, fragrant of "all the perfumes of Arabia."

PEARS' SOAP.

Good Complexion! AND Nice Hands!

NOTHING adds so much to personal attractions as a bright, clear complexion, and a soft skin. Without them the handsomest and most regular features are but coldly impressive, whilst with them the plainest become attractive; and yet there is no advantage so easily secured. The regular use of a properly prepared Soap is one of the chief means; but the Public have not the requisite knowledge of the manufacture of Soap to guide them to a proper selection, so a pretty box, a pretty colour, or an agreeable perfume too frequently outweighs the more important consideration, viz.: the Composition of the Soap itself, and thus many a good complexion is spoiled which would be enhanced by proper care.

A most Eminent Authority on the Skin,

Professor Sir Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S.,

Writes in the JOURNAL OF CUTANEOUS MEDICINE:—

"THE use of a good Soap is certainly calculated to preserve the Skin in health, to maintain its complexion and tone, and prevent its falling into wrinkles. PEAR'S is a name engraven on the memory of the oldest inhabitant; and PEAR'S Transparent SOAP is an article of the nicest and most careful manufacture, and one of the most refreshing and agreeable of balms for the Skin."

TO persons whose skin is delicate or sensitive to changes in the weather, winter or summer, PEAR'S TRANSPARENT SOAP is invaluable, as, on account of its emollient, non-irritant character, Redness, Roughness and Chapping are prevented, and a clear appearance and soft velvety condition maintained, and a good, healthy and attractive complexion ensured. Its agreeable and lasting perfume, beautiful appearance, and soothing properties, commend it as the greatest luxury and most elegant adjunct to the toilet.

Testimonial from

Madame Adelina Patti.

"I HAVE found PEAR'S SOAP matchless for the Hands and Complexion."

Adelina Patti.

PEARS' Transparent SOAP.

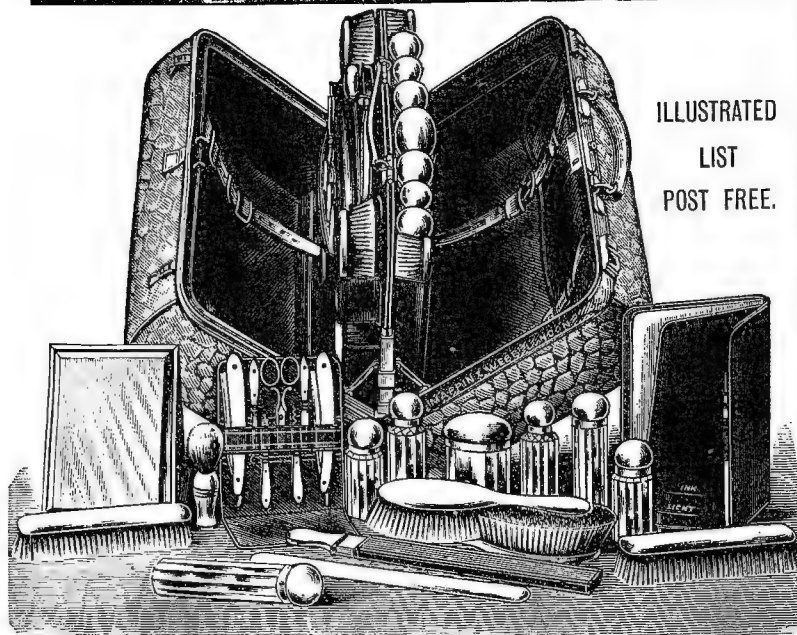
TABLETS & BALLS:

1s. each. Larger Sizes, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.

(The 2s. 6d. Tablet is perfumed with Otto of Roses.)

A smaller Tablet (unscented) is sold at 6d.

PEARS' Transparent SOAP.



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POST FREE.

**MAPPIN & WEBB'S
FITTED TRAVELLING BAGS.**
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MEN GO WILD

about splendid teeth. Therefore, fair ladies, it behoves you to know that **SOZODONT** makes them glitter like Orient pearl. By this pure Vegetable Dentifrice the enamel is rendered impervious to decay, all discolourations are removed, and the gums become hard and rosy, and the BREATH pure and sweet. No lady ever used **SOZODONT** without approving of its cleansing and purifying properties, and the flattering testimonials that have been bestowed upon it by eminent Dentists and scientific men speak volumes of praise for its merits. **SOZODONT** contains not one particle of acid or any ingredient whatever that will injure the enamel, and is free from the acrid properties of Tooth Pastes, &c. One bottle of **SOZODONT** will last six months. Sold by Chemists, 2s. 6d. British Depot: 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

KOPTICA CURES NEURALGIA

SCIATICA, LUMBAGO,
GOUT, NEURALGIA,

And all Kindred Diseases.

KOPTICA, by its wonderful resolvent properties, disperses and eradicates the morbid conditions from which such diseases spring, scientifically combating the cause. KOPTICA is a pure vegetable remedy guaranteed free from Strychnine, Arsenic, Colchicum, Belladonna, Henbane, Aconite, and all other injurious drugs, and can therefore be taken by the most delicate with the greatest confidence that it is thoroughly harmless—hence KOPTICA cures when all other remedies fail, and is a thoroughly genuine remedy, which ought to be in every household for use when required. It is without doubt the best and most reliable medicine of the age for the diseases named.

This is the sort of Letter we are receiving daily.
Rev. D. G. DAVIS writes:
"Shirenewton Rectory, Chepstow, Mon.,
Nov. 23, 1889.

"Will you kindly send me three bottles of your KOPTICA CURE? One small bottle completely cured a labouring man who was suffering from violent neuralgia of head and face.—Yours truly,
"D. G. DAVIS (Rector)."

The prices are 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d., and the bottles contain respectively 12, 36, and 60 doses.

KOPTICA can be obtained from every Chemist and Patent Medicine Vendor throughout the World.

Ask your Chemist for KOPTICA, and if he has not got it in stock, and he is an obliging man, he will get it for you; if not, send stamps and 2d. extra for postage to

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The fame of TUNA for cure of Neuralgia, Toothache and Rheumatism, is made and maintained just as that of a physician—that is, by prompt relief and wonderful cures. Proved by thousands for more than ten years past. Administered free at TUNA Offices, Savoy House, 115, Strand, London. Of Chemists, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. per bottle.

The users of SALT REGAL have hitherto escaped

THE EPIDEMIC.

SALT REGAL A PREVENTIVE AND SAFEGUARD!!

Extract—Letter from a large firm in Barcelona, written on New Year's Day:—

"With regard to Salt Regal we are pleased to say that the users HAVE HITHERTO ESCAPED THE EPIDEMIC, the writer especially is the only one in our office who has not been seized, having been the ONLY ONE to take Salt Regal DAILY, whereas all the others, from the principal to the office boy, have been ill, several very severely."

FORTIFY YOURSELVES

Against the attacks of this and all infectious diseases by using the pleasant and refreshing

SALT REGAL

Heads of Families NEED HAVE NO FEAR of Infectious Diseases for themselves or their children if they will use SALT REGAL. Influenza, Fevers, Malaria, Cholera, and the like are harmless to those who use SALT REGAL. There is no preparation like it in the world.

SOLD EVERYWHERE, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 9d.

PROTECTED BY HER MAJESTY'S ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

THESE PILLS PURIFY THE BLOOD.

Correct all Disorders of

The LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS, & BOWELS

They are wonderfully Efficacious in Ailments

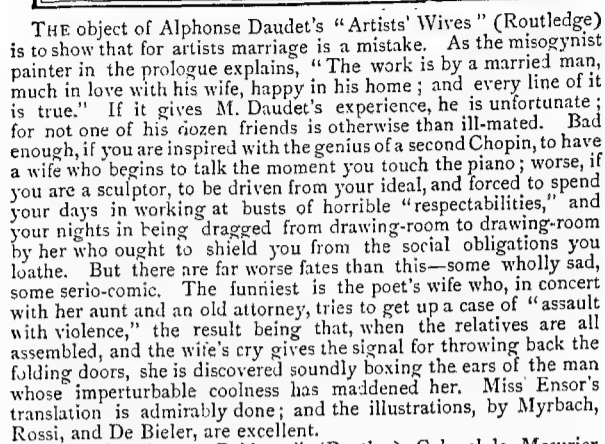
incidental to Females of all ages; and as a

General Family Medicine are unsurpassed.

NOTICE.—WHEN FURNISHING send for ALFRED B. PEARCE'S CHINA and GLASS CATALOGUE. It is full of useful information—clear, concise, and practical—and includes nine estimates. Post free.—39, Ludgate Hill. Established 1760.

A FAIR BEAUTIFUL SKIN.

SULPHOLINE SOAP gives the natural tint and peach-like bloom of a perfect complexion. By washing with Sulpholine Soap the skin becomes spotless, clear, smooth, supple, healthy, and comfortable. Tablets Sixpence. Sold everywhere.



"From London to Bokhara" (Bentley) Colonel le Mesurier supplemented with a ride through Persia, from Rasht (or, rather, Ensselli) to Bushire. He saw Cyrus's tomb; the tombs of the Kings (of which, and of Persepolis, &c., he gives sketches; "Bendemeer's stream," "muddy, silt-laden, with only a few tamarisk bushes;" and Muscat, whose Sultan is "very hard up" since Sir B. Freere stopped the Zanzibar tribute. But the earlier part of his book has an interest apart from its terse and graphic descriptions. He met General Annenkoff and other Russian notables, and formed his own opinion as to Russia's ability to pay the 50 millions interest on her ever-growing debt. At Bokhara he (the first Englishman suffered to enter it since Dr. Wolff left in 1844) gathered up all that could be learned about Burnes, and Conolly, and Stoddart. At Geok Tépé (already in ruins) he learnt that the Turkomans, with swords and matchlocks, and only one old Persian gun, kept the Russians, with seventy big guns, at bay for a month. Hand-to-hand they were so much the better men that the Cossacks did not like to face them. Nearly all of them perished. Half their number were found dead in the fort, and many were massacred on their way to Tejend. The book has thus two twofold interest. It gives a practised observer's notes on Persia—e.g., Colonel Mesurier remarks that the old division still exists: the Median (Turanian) tribes in the north, the Aryan (Persian) in the south. It also indirectly throws a good deal of light on Russia's probable movements in the East. The colonel gives details of cost, outfit (leather waistcoat essential), &c., for those who may think of following his track. No Englishman can read without shame what he says of Sir Ianyl (p. 66), who for twenty-five years kept the Russians out of his mountains, and was "our ally in the Sebastopol days.

of taste" that books like Balzac's "Chouans" and Mérimée's "Charles IX." (Nimmo), the *édition de luxe*, "limited to 420 copies for England, 320 for America, and 52 on super Japan vellum," must be put forth in English? Mr. Saintsbury's translation is as spirited

as possible ; and the stories are capital, " Charles IX." ranking with G. P. R. James at his best ; while the way in which, in the " Chouans," the spy, Mdle. de Verneuil, is torn between love and jealousy is very human, though the wind-up is very French. Had the translation been for the masses, to show them that all French novels are not like M. Zola's, we could have understood it ; but do not " men of taste " prefer Balzac, at any rate, in the original ? Is it because French publishers send out even their best books provocatively *brochés*, so that the heavy pages get loose and the plates torn, that we have these beautiful, strongly-bound reproductions ? Whatever the reason for starting this " illustrated historical series," the public are the gainers. Hundreds who do not in the least claim to be connoisseurs will delight in Léveillé's engraving of Toudouze's and Le Blavat's drawing. Some of them would rather have had the French text. *Mais que voulez-vous ?* But for Mr. Nimmo's enterprise they would never have seen them at all. We trust he will succeed : he deserves to do so. The volumes are introduced respectively by a good life of Mérimée and an appropriate essay on Balzac and his works. No connoisseur will grudge the publisher the cost. He will feel that he gets good value for it.

the price, 35s. He will feel that he gets a good value for his money. Equally artistic is the get-up of another translation, Bouchot's "The Book" (Grevel). The work is so thorough a history of printing, illustrating and binding, that no wonder Mr. Bigmore's edition is exhausted. Mr. H. Grevel's is practically a new work double the original size, with sixty-five fresh illustrations, a treatise on old book collecting, and (wonderful boon to novices) an index of publishing places with translations. It is impossible to speak too highly of the hundred and seventy-two facsimiles. They include borderings, head and tail pieces, ornamental title-pages (among them the earliest known, of a Venetian Calendario, 1476). Specimens are given of Gutenberg's "Psalter," of Fust and Schœffer's "Bible," of Sebald Behan's cuts in Coverdale's "Bible," and Holbein's in Cranmer's "Catechism." Bewick is well represented; and there is one of Blake's illustrations to Blair's "Grave." But richest of all are the bindings, from the Noyon *Evangelarium* to the specimens of Grolier and Le Gascon, and Padeloup's letter mosaics. The book is every way delightful, criticisms and all, that about Plantin for instance, with his "heavy over-loaded style."

Mr. Roscoe Mullins in his "Primer of Sculpture" (Cassell) is exercised in mind about the realism of modern dress. He feels that it is impossible to go back to the toga, and therefore he would prefer a bust cut off just below the nape of the neck, unless indeed there are "long side whiskers and a nose and lip of strong Celtic origin" (what would Mr. Mullins describe as a Celtic lip or nose?). But despite such discussions the little book is thoroughly practical; treating of everything from framework-building to plaster-casting, and ending with an appreciative chapter on modern sculpture. Though London has far the finest collection of antiques, the Paris and Antwerp schools have more vitality; and, while with us sculpture is a pleasure to the few, in France the public enjoy and understand it.

"Fencing, Boxing, and Wrestling" (Longmans), are the subjects of the newest volume of "The Badminton Library." The first is by Mr. W. H. Pollock, Mr. Grove, and Mr. M. C. Prevost. "Boxing" is by Mr. E. B. Michell, "Wrestling" by Mr. Walter Armstrong. Mr. E. Castle's exhaustive "Bibliotheca Artis Dimicatoriæ" fills fifty small-print pages. The woodcuts are by J. D. Cooper, after G. Mitchell's photographs. It is curious that there is little or nothing about boxing (save the "myth" in "Ivanhoe") from Homeric to Hanoverian times; from King Eryx, "The Sicilian Bendigo," to Figg, whose portrait was painted by Hogarth. To each subject the introductions are carefully as well as pleasantly written; but plenty of space is also devoted to the very thorough practical instructions.

The book is quite worthy of this well-planned and well-executed series.

"Kloof and Karroo" (Longmans) is really a lively book on a dreary subject. In politics Mr. H. A. Bryden goes over the old ground, curses Mr. Gladstone by all his gods, though obliged to confess that what brought on the Boer War was Colonel Lanyon's "high and mighty bumptiousness" and Sir T. Shepstone's unstatesmanlike haste to annex. All this is an old story; and equally old are the pictures of the Boers at home, repulsively dirty, never missing family prayer, part-paying their Hottentots in spirits, and so feckless: that their tobacco sells for from 1*d.* to 6*d.* per pound. It is, however, news that not only is the true quagga extinct, but that tree-planting and forest conservancy are almost as urgently needed in and around the Cape as in parts of the south of France. On replanting, and on tapping the water which, stopped by igneous dykes, is abundant below the karroo, Mr. Bryden has some suggestive remarks. He does not think a United South Africa Utopian. The charm of his style makes even the most threadbare topic readable, nay, interesting.

"East Africa and Its Big Game" (Longmans) takes a wider range. Sir J. Willoughby and Sir A. G. Harvey went, like Mr. Haggard's heroes, to shoot their way from Zanzibar to the top of Kilima-njaro. They don't fall in with "Her," nor with any of those mysterious cities with which we have become so familiar. However, the Masai, whose borders they reached, did the correct thing, frightening them back (much to Sir J. Willoughby's disgust) from their intended trip to Mount Meru. Some of the tribes through which they passed are new to book-writing Europeans, and the ascent of the great mountain, "through fairy forests," is well told. Politics are mostly eschewed; but the Germans "had such an arbitrary notion of colonisation" that Sir John ventured to "propose very serious disturbances unless they modified their intentions." We know the result, "half ruin to most of 7,000 British subjects in Zanzibar," and (it may be added) a far more ruinous loss of British prestige across in Bombay. Excitement, Sir John found (as most old Indians could have told him), is a cure for fever. An adventure with three elephants cured him and his friend too. The record of big butchering is wearisome, not to say sickening. If Sir John has many imitators the elephant and rhinoceros will soon go the way of the quagga.

The Jubilee Edition of Cassell's "Illustrated History of England" grows in interest. Vol. III. takes us from 1641 to 1711. As usual, the engravings are excellent, many of them referring to less-known scenes, such as Dr. Cheynell, the Puritan, flinging Chillingworth's "Religion of Protestants" into his open grave, and the burning of Blount's pamphlet (1692), which led to the abolition of the Press-Censorship; and the French (1690) retreating from Torbay. The letterpress is fully up to the level of the illustrations. Its distinguishing mark is fairness. Even of the massacre of 1641 it admits that Milton's and Sir G. Temple's accounts are "grossly exaggerated," and adds "we must never forget the long maddening incentives to it." Fair-minded readers will appreciate the remark (needing some courage in these days) that "Cromwell's barbarous mode of warfare in Ireland cannot be defended on any principles of reason, much less of Christianity or humanity." The same spirit pervades the volume throughout.

A "NEEDLE BRIGADE" exists in an American missionary chapel at Erzeroum. The Armenian converts are prone to grow drowsy during lengthy pulpit discourses in the hot weather, and the business of the needle brigade is to check such unseemly slumbers by a gentle prick.

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THE BISHOP OF EXETER, the *Record* says, is "visiting" his Diocese after a new pattern. To survey the parochial machinery, to preach in the churches, and personally to cheer the incumbents and their workers is not enough for him. He is passing from factory to factory, greeting the men, and addressing meetings gathered on the spot.

A COMMITTEE has been appointed to take steps for establishing a memorial to the late Bishop Lightfoot. At the public meeting at Durham on the subject, Lord Durham, who presided, said, in a speech displaying considerable breadth of view, that he wished the memorial to commend itself to all classes in the country, and to all religious denominations.

THE FIRST SERIES of South London Lectures on Socialism at Lambeth Baths, Westminster Bridge Road, previously announced in this column, will be delivered by Bishop Barry on Tuesday next, February 4th, at 8.15, and the five following Tuesdays, the subject of the first lecture being "What is Christian Socialism?"

DR. CORFE, THE BISHOP OF COREA, proposes, says the *Record*,

to live upon his pension, as a naval chaplain, of 100*l.* a year. His episcopal stipend of 650*l.* he will use for the payment of fellow-workers.

PROFESSOR LEGGE, presiding at a meeting of the Oxford University branch of the London Missionary Society, said that hope and encouragement had come to them from a quarter where they were scarcely to be expected, and that was the experience and testimony of Mr. Stanley in his great journey through Africa. Most remarkable was the testimony which Mr. Stanley had given them as to the effect of Christian teaching on the natives of Africa.

DEAN GOULBURN has written a striking letter to the Hon. Secretary of the Burial Reform Association, in which he speaks of "the dreary trappings and suits of woe exhibited by the old-fashioned funeral" as "the outward visible sign of the heathen sentiment of hopelessness and despair." "Your association," he proceeds, "has already done much, and will do more, to make funerals modest, and so far as suitable bright in their surroundings, and to dissipate the gloom which they were wont to inspire."

THE PILGRIMAGE TO THE HOLY PLACES, the *Tablet* says, will leave Marseilles on April 11th, and is due back there on May 14th. Intending pilgrims are requested to send in their names forthwith to the Secretary, Catholic Union, 10, Duke Street, St. James's, S.W.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Chapel Royal, Savoy, is closed until the second Sunday of this month to allow arrangements to be made in it for the installation of the electric light.—The new Canon of

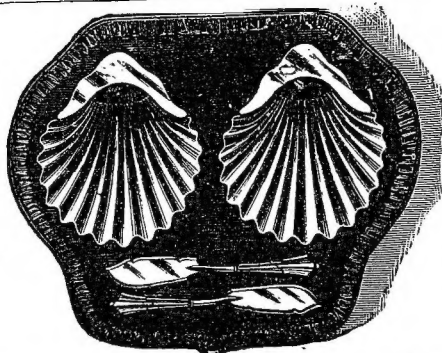
Lichfield, the Rev. Christian Mortimer, is a son of the late Dr. Mortimer, formerly Master of the City of London School.—According to the report of the Wesleyan General Chapel Committee, the entire amount of debt on Wesleyan trust property in Great Britain which has been discharged or provided for during the last thirty-four years nearly reaches two millions sterling.

LONDON MORTALITY is beginning to return to its more normal conditions. The deaths last week numbered 2,227, and, although 260 above the average, showed a decrease of 493, the death-rate declining to 26.3 per 1,000. The high mortality during the present year has been confined to London, for the death-rate of the chief provincial towns throughout January has been 23.7 per 1,000, against 29.7 in the Metropolis. The worst of the influenza epidemic being past, the fatal cases of that malady diminished last week to 105 from 127, Wandsworth, Lambeth, and Paddington suffering most. Altogether, the deaths from diseases of the respiratory organs reached 736—a fall of 274, but 167 above the average. There were 82 deaths from whooping-cough (a decrease of 22), 22 from diphtheria (same as last week), 21 from measles (a decline of 3), 14 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a rise of 8), 10 from scarlet fever (a fall of 12), 10 from enteric fever (a decrease of 4), and one from typhus. Different forms of violence caused 60 fatalities, including 5 suicides. A centenarian of 104 died of heart disease in Camberwell Workhouse. There were 2,510 births registered—a decline of 204, and 380 below the usual return.

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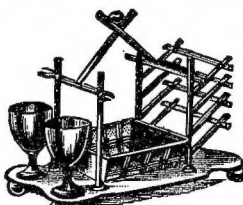
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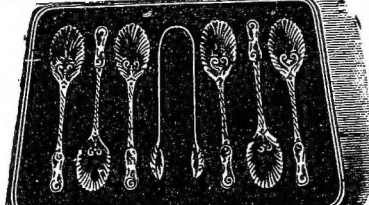
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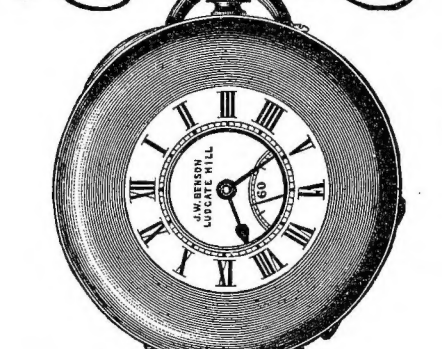
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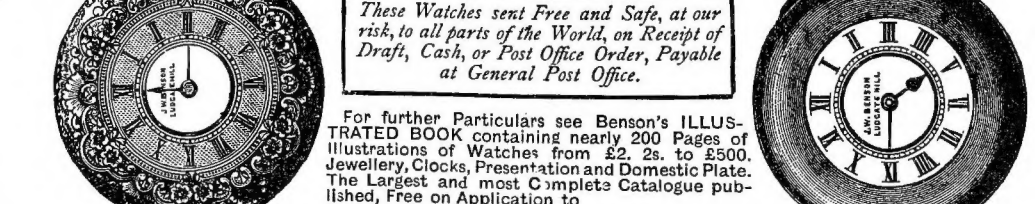
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By true aperient, strong or mild,
To calm a man, or soothe a child;
Aid Nature without force or strain;
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